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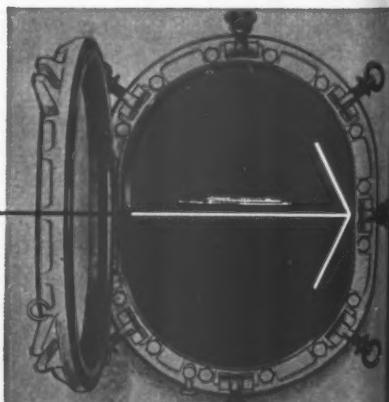
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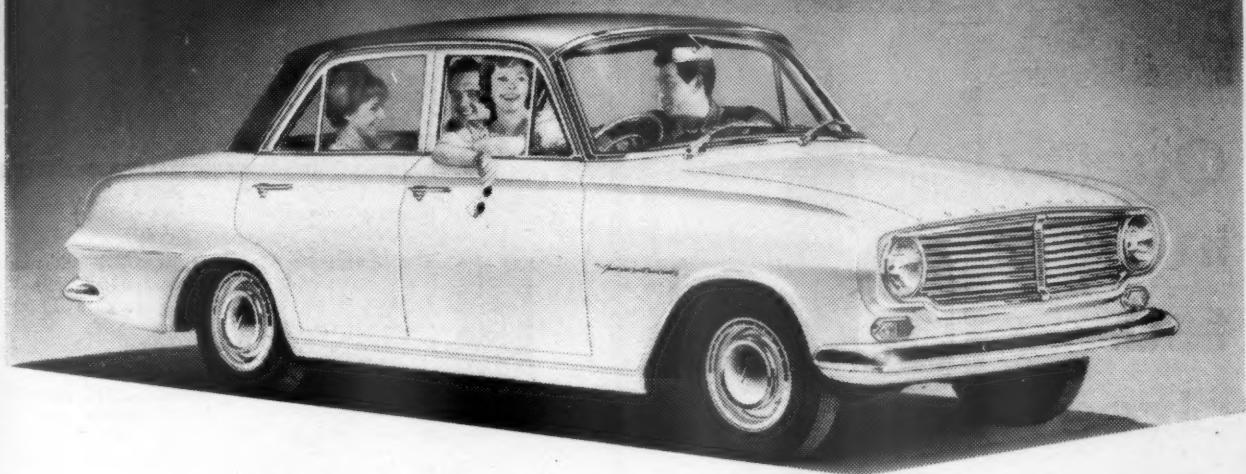
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## THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

## THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)



**The Amorous Prawn** (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)  
**As You Like It** (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. (Repertory) (12/7/61)

**Beyond the Fringe** (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)  
**Billy Liar** (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

**The Bird of Time** (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

**Bye Bye Birdie** (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

**The Fantasticks** (Apollo)—slender musical based on Rostand's *Les Romanesques*.

**Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be** (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

**Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin** (Duchess)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

**Guilty Party** (St. Martin's)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)

**Hamlet** (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (Repertory) (19/4/61)

**Irma la Douce** (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticates. (23/7/58)

**The Irregular Verb to Love** (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

**Let Yourself Go!** (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

**The Lord Chamberlain Regrets** (Saville)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical (30/8/61)

**The Miracle Worker** (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

**The Mousetrap** (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

**Much Ado About Nothing** (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (12/4/61)

**The Music Man** (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull drearily American musical. (22/3/61)  
**My Fair Lady** (Drury Lane)—still a good musical (7/5/58)  
**Oliver!** (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)  
**On the Brighter Side** (Comedy)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)  
**One For The Pot** (Whitehall)—new farce. (16/8/61)  
**One Over the Eight** (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)  
**The Rehearsal** (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)  
**Richard III** (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashingly dotty. (Repertory) (31/5/61)  
**Romeo and Juliet** (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. (Repertory) (23/8/61)  
**Ross** (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)  
**An Evening with Sammy Davis, Jr.** (Prince of Wales)—stimulating one-man show by star singer-dancer-impersonator-musician and solid supporting acts. (30/8/61)  
**The Sound of Music** (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)  
**Stop the World, I Want to Get Off** (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)  
**The Taming of the Shrew** (Aldwych)—new production.  
**'Tis Pity She's a Whore** (Mermaid)—new production. (6/9/61)  
**Wildest Dreams** (Vaudeville)—new Slade/Reynolds musical. (16/8/61)  
**Young in Heart** (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

#### REP SELECTION

Manchester Library Theatre. Harold Pinter's **The Birthday Party**.  
 Nottingham Playhouse. **A Streetcar Named Desire**.  
 Queen's, Hornchurch. Arthur Miller's **Death of a Salesman**.  
 Sheffield Playhouse. **The Imaginary Invalid** (Miles Malleson from Molière).  
 All until September 30

## CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

**Ballad of a Soldier** (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)  
**Ben-Hur** (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)  
**Black Tights** (Coliseum)—Four French ballets done with lashings of colour, noise and verve on a vast screen. (13/9/61)  
**The Damned and the Daring** (Compton)—Reviewed this week.  
**La Dolce Vita** (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)  
**Eroica** (Academy, late night show)—Polish: two separate stories (one amusing, one serious, both impressive) about the Warsaw Rising of 1944. (26/7/61)  
**Exodus** (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)



CONTINUED ON PAGE XIII

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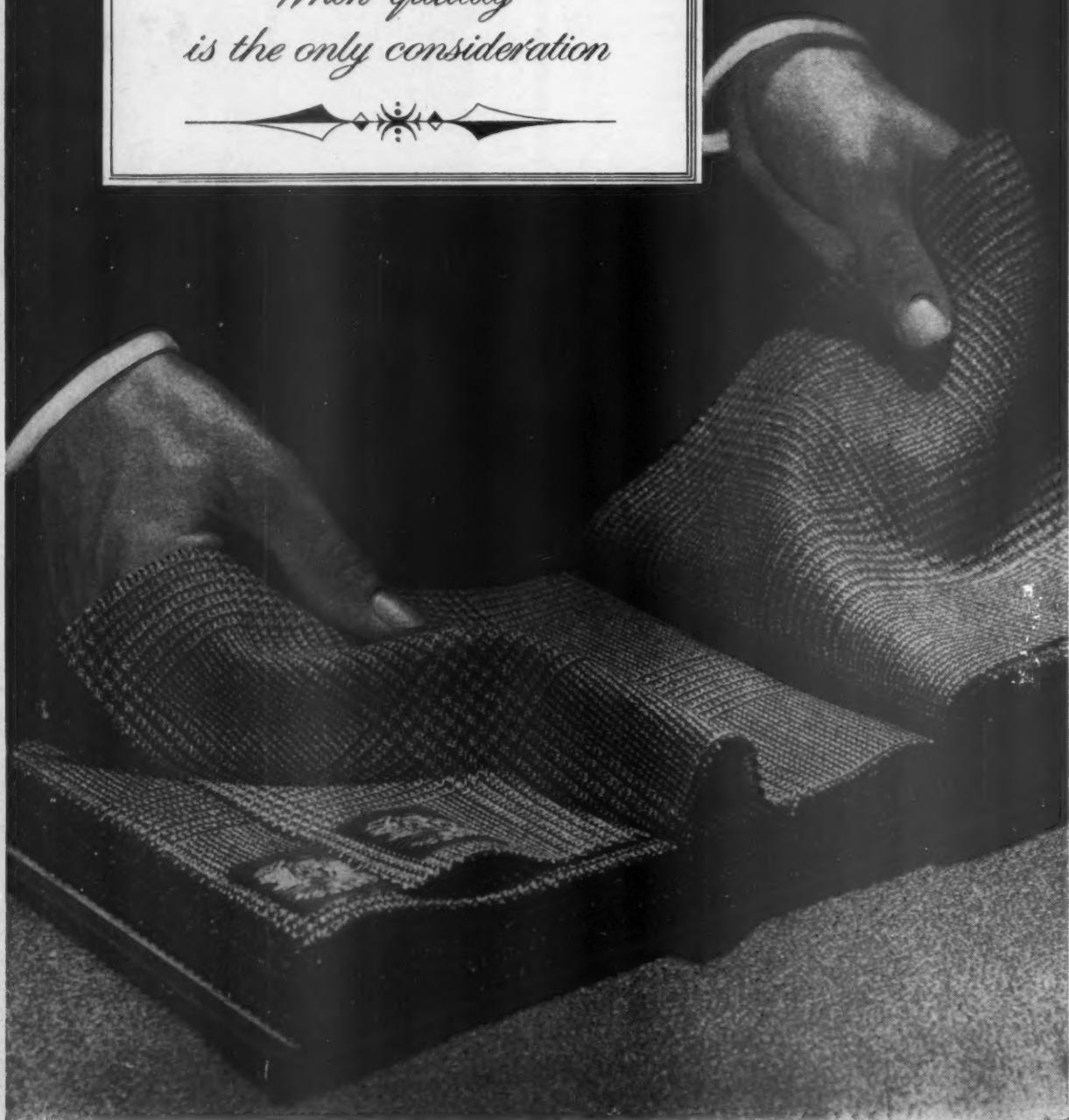
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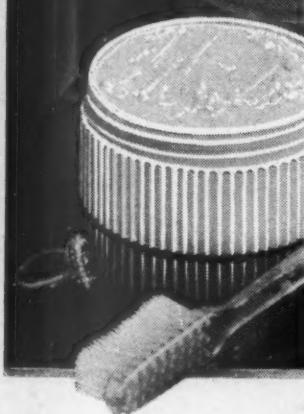
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## CONTINUED FROM PAGE XI

**Fanny** (Warner)—Phony, Frenchmen are quaint, but colourful remake of Pagnol's Marseilles trilogy.

**The Guns of Navarone** (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

**The King and I** (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (26/9/56)

**Our Last Spring** (Paris Pullman)—Cacoyannis's rumly melodramatic view of adolescence in Greece.

**The Parent Trap** (Studio One)—Identical twins (Hayley Mills) reunite their separated parents. Sentimental, funny, ingeniously entertaining. (23/8/61)

**The Pleasure of His Company** (Plaza)—Stagy but glossy comedy with Fred Astaire and San Francisco Bridge.

**Rocco and His Brothers** (Cameo Poly and Cameo Royal)—Reviewed this week.

**Search for Paradise** (London Casino)—Cinérama in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

**South Pacific** (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

**Two Women** (Continentale)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)

**The Virgin Spring** (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

## MUSIC



**Royal Festival Hall.** September 20, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, Tito Gobbi (baritone). September 21, 8 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Gary Graffman (piano). September 22, 8 pm, English Chamber Orchestra, Irmgard Seefried (soprano). September 23, 6 and 8.45 pm, The Modern Jazz Quartet. September 24, 3 pm, Louis Kentner (piano); 7.30 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, Jorge Bolet (piano). September 25, 8 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Malcolm Binns (piano). September 26, 8 pm, Yehudi Menuhin (violin); Hephzibah Menuhin (piano).

**Wigmore Hall.** September 20, 7.30 pm, Eva Barth (violin); Ergican Saydam (piano). September 21, 7.30 pm, Julian Bream (guitar). September 22, 7.30 pm, Amity Orchestra (conducted by Hans Hubert Schonzeler, with Frank Merrick piano, and John Harrison, viola). September 23, 3 pm, McHenry Boatwright (baritone); 7.30 pm, Peter Cooper (piano). September 24, 3 pm, Frank Merrick (piano). September 25, 7.30 pm, Isabella Schmitz (violin), Thomas Manshardt (piano). September 26, 7.30 pm, The Julian Bream Consort.

## GALLERIES

**Arcade.** Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque sculpture and African masks. **Archer.** Paintings by Brian Rodwell. **Arthur Jefress.** "At the Seaside." **Beaux Arts.** Paintings by Peter Schmidt. **Berkeley.** Far Eastern and primitive art antiques. **Brook Street.** Modern masters.

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVI

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more you know  
about Scotch, the  
more you like  
Ballantine's'



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# PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6314 September 20 1961



Edited by  
Bernard Hollowood

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\*For overseas rates see page 448.

# Charivaria

THE latest thing in capitalist weapons is the neutron bomb which is said to have the capacity to annihilate humans while leaving property unharmed. Work is in progress, I am told, on an even more revolutionary weapon—one that actually raises the dividends of armaments manufacturers.

## Hush-Hour

I HOPE the Noise-Abatement people are noting the satisfactory trend to quietude among contingents of protesters. Last Tuesday there was a "silent demonstration" in Calcutta against atomic testing and a "silent march" in Malta by hospital workers angry about their pensions. Mr. John Connell is fighting an uphill battle against jets, traffic, road-drills and transistors: let him at least tell his supporters that if they want a bit of



real peace there's always a silent agitation somewhere against something; and if they can't find one, what about a silent protest against noise?

## Dreaming of a Light Christmas

PRAISE the plucky pioneer. New Zealand government departments have decided, in ample time for their example to be imitated, not to send any more Christmas cards at public expense. If this pebble could start an avalanche of abstention by tycoons, drummers and favour-seekers for whom the herald angels sing loudly in expensive lush

colour, this would indeed be tidings of great joy. There are some wise men out there in New Zealand; may others follow their star.

## Inaction Party

MANY envelopes now reaching my desk, and presumably not mine alone, are franked "Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference, 25-30 Sep-



tember, 1961." Naturally I wish it luck. But compared with other current frankings, say the one from Eire urging "Teach Your Children to Clean Their Teeth," the Commonwealth message fails to offer any sort of handheld for action. Recipients of letters from Ireland can turn on the kids at once with a lecture on oral hygiene. I simply don't know what I'm supposed to do about the Conference. In the circumstances I shall just let it take its course.

## Cavalcade

IN an account of the attempt on the life of President de Gaulle it was revealed that his bodyguard included doctors, nurses equipped with blood plasma "of the correct group" and a general repair outfit. In time, no doubt, the world's leaders will not feel safe without detectives and their Identikit, decontamination squads and mobile H-bomb shelters. To ordinary people these developments are sinister: our leaders, if they are to be encouraged



*"Darling, d'you remember that rather unattractive job you were offered in New Zealand . . .?"*

to behave rationally, ought to be the most defenceless, the most vulnerable targets on earth.

#### *The Loyalist*

INNOCENTLY I had supposed that Empire Loyalists dipped deep in their own pockets in order to be able to harass Mr. Macmillan, but it seems their major source of cash was a nervous nonagenarian with a Chilean bodyguard who kept a bath full of walnuts which he ate with porridge for his dinner. I am grateful to have been



told about this old gentleman—we could do with more like him—but the next demonstration by the Loyalists is going to seem a little less impressive, somehow.

#### *First Things First*

A BINGO organiser, annoyed by the refusal of doctors and employers to provide certificates of absence for clients prevented by sickness or overtime from attending sessions and thus losing cumulative prizes, has sharply pointed out that doctors exist for the public and Bingo is a part of modern life. Surely the organiser should go the whole way and compete with the factory in providing amenities like welfare clinics and a medical service. I look forward to the day when workers will give employers certificates of absence signed by the Bingo organiser.

#### *That Unhoped Serene*

A FURTHER example of the importance of being earnest about Bingo was provided by the Leeds stipendiary magistrate who said he wanted to learn all about the game "for when I retire," thus possibly triggering off a new exploitation campaign. "Old age must come; get your eyes down now for the eventide of life." This is an altogether livelier adventure in geriatrics than Milton's very square picture of retired Leisure that in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

#### *Fleurs Du Mal*

SINCE Birnam Woods moved to Dunsinane, anticipating the principles of camouflage by several centuries, no one has chosen a boscier screen for death than the Californian Picasso thief who hid his gun in a gladiolus spray. We've been hiding our weapons in this country too (though not in gladiolus clumps which wither in autumn) on a bigger scale than I had imagined, for 30,000 assorted firearms have been surrendered since the police amnesty. If 30,000 law abiders have handed over quietly, how many desperadoes' arms remain as lost to the law as the Venus of Milo's to art?

#### *Our Versatile Officers*

THE headline "Wool Brokers to Join Forces" reminded me of all those curious commercial operations one reads about in military reminiscences,

the captains behind the lines who engage in vast operations involving jam or the Lieutenant-Commanders who find themselves responsible for the output of oil refineries. A friend of mine who was supposed to be preparing for the military occupation of Italy in some obscure department of the War Office found that, owing to the delay in occupying Italy, she was responsible for encouraging the export of rat skins from a Middle Eastern State that had to be kept happy. I was disappointed that the news item turned out to be merely a report of a merger.

#### *Hands Up the Traffic Wardens*

PARENTS who misguidedly decided to pay for their children's private education were somewhat upset by the news that sixth formers at Blackpool's new grammar school messed things up by coming to school in their cars "before the car park was properly marked out." The parents mentioned are not, for the most part, able to provide cars for their sons though at least this protects them from the inevitable item on the bill, Car Park Extra.

#### *Ad Absurdum*

MISS KAZDEN, of Harvard University, has been carrying out tests on juvenile delinquents and was able to tell an international gathering of psychologists in Stockholm that delinquents are "reducers" who see all things small; when asked to estimate the size of an object they always made it smaller than it really was. This makes it all the more creditable to them that they are able to hit little old ladies, who must look absolutely tiny, with bicycle chains that look absurdly short for the job. But it leaves one puzzle in the mind. If they see *everything* smaller how did Miss Kazden find out? Their inches would be smaller too, so their estimates of size ought to sound right. For that matter, how does she know that the rest of us don't see everything too large, including juvenile delinquents?

#### *No Vinegar, Thanks*

I'M not sure about Sir Christopher Chancellor's argument, on joining Bowaters, that after a life in the news it was obviously time to learn about paper. He might as well say that it's time he went into fish-and-chips.

— MR. PUNCH



**VITAL DISCUSSION**

EVER since the American invasion of the English stage began in 1820 with the Drury Lane production of *Pocahontas: or, The Indian Princess*, transatlantic show-business has been helping to mould the patterns of British entertainment. In the past forty years especially, the sentimental education of anyone managing to grow up in the UK is likely to have been vividly influenced by New York and Hollywood.

In childhood the average Briton has taken it for granted (from the cinema) that his heroes—mice or men—talk with an American accent. Acting out his fantasies of violence he imitates the gangsters, sheriffs and Indians of the screen,

influence has—so people assume—infilitrated even more deeply into our national culture.

Yet it seems to me, on taking a closer look, that the tide of Americanisation is on the turn.

Glance for a start at the theatre. Out of 65 provincial reps open a week or two ago, only six are staging American plays. Out of 36 theatres open in London, six are staging Broadway imports—but only one of these (*The Miracle Worker*) is a straight play. The rest are musicals, and throughout the century from *The Belle of New York* (1898) through *No No Nanette* (1925) to *Oklahoma!* and *My Fair Lady* the Americans have been widely recognised as

## THE BIRTH OF SAM BULL



How far has the British character "gone American"?

## STAR-SPANGLED SHOW BUSINESS

by Richard Findlater

doing what comes naturally in American disguise.

In adolescence his first love may well have been marketed by MGM; and his feelings about more tangible, accessible goddesses were no doubt channelled in songs from New York, projecting an all-American landscape with a legendary glamour that no English geography can ever equal.

American films have tinged his ideas about dress, courtship and social etiquette. American musicals have quite probably represented for him the English stage at its best. And after marriage he has had the rather doubtful pleasure of watching his children move into the same orbit—hooked by the Western habit at home, through the miracle of television, or aping the English pop singers who ape American pop singers . . .

Since the First World War most of the idols of British entertainment have been citizens of the USA. Relatively few natives until recently have squeezed into the main pantheon, although some tried to camouflage their birthmark—branded on the tongue, in Orwell's phrase—by pretending to be Americans (a feat of impersonation beyond the powers of most English actors). Not only the stars but the formulae, too, are frequently made in America. In the theatre, films, music-hall and Tin Pan Alley, hands across the sea have been pulling strings and setting fashions à l'américaine for so long that it is all part of the British way of life.

Apart from the solid economic basis of this transatlantic influence, which is the long-standing dominance of the US film industry, its persistence is due to, among other things, the efficiency, professionalism and vitality of the standard American product; and to the relief which this affords from the class-constipation of so much British entertainment. With the rapid spread of TV in the past three years, this US

supreme in this field. Even here a sign of the times is the emergence of a few British musicals—long moribund—which, instead of lisping through snob-whimsies, clinging to end-of-pier jollity or half-heartedly borrowing American locales, exploit more vigorous native traditions and themes with great success at the box-office.

Overt American influence is negligible in the non-musical theatre to-day. Broadway stars are seldom seen on the London stage; and although English actors—especially in the more or less new wave—may talk about the Method they don't use it. If they believe in Stanislavsky they go to him directly, rather than to middlemen from the Actors' Studio or its spiritual satellites in London. Kazan's direction and Mielziner's sets, the plays of O'Neill, Williams and Miller, the more open emotionalism and harsher naturalism of American writing and acting—all have undoubtedly coloured the minds of many English artists in the theatre. But the colour doesn't show. The new English drama of the past five years (which has mushroomed with a fertility unequalled in the USA) is—if anything—more indebted to French and German models than to the Great White Way.

Although American managers find London theatres increasingly convenient as launching-pads, the direct US stake in the English stage is far smaller in the 1960s than it was, say, in the 1920s (when the Shuberts controlled seven London playhouses).

Now turn to the cinemas, once the power-stations of the American Dream in British entertainment. They are still of course dominated by films made in the USA or largely financed by US capital. Out of 556 new full-length films shown in the UK in 1959, only 123 were of British origin:

most of the rest came from Hollywood. As I write, out of 135 films screened in London cinemas only 22 are made in Britain and 24 others are non-American. Yet although the relative balance of power in production has altered little in the past decade, there has been a sharp change in public taste. "Going to the pictures" has slumped heavily since the advent of television. In 12 years around a third of Britain's cinemas have disappeared; and in the 3,300 survivors the 10 million people who go every week apparently prefer British movies when they can see them. Before the war, when nearly twice as many adults went to the cinema, Hollywood products reigned supreme; by 1951, when the average weekly attendance was around 28 million, US supremacy was challenged—two British films were rated among the year's most popular six (in fourth and sixth places); but in 1960 all but one of the top six (in third place) were unmistakably and incontrovertibly home-made.

The current lust for comedy, unsatisfied by any of Hollywood's senses of humour, apparently accounts for much of

this success. The "Doctor" and "Carry On" series—whose bowdlerised counterpart in the theatre is the Whitehall cycle of farces—are the biggest moneymakers in the British film industry, which, though as sick as ever, does seem to be perking up at last with a big injection of state-aid. Yet another interesting symptom of change is the profit-making popularity of such films as *Room at the Top* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. Although their realism may well be partly influenced by American methods, they are—like the new stage musicals and plays—no less authentically British than the slap-and-tickle top-ranking farces.

One significant fact about the new popularity of British films is the changing composition of the cinema audience. Nearly 70 per cent are under 35 years old (according to the Screen Advertising Association) and nearly 30 per cent of national spending on the movies is made by under-25s (according to the London Press Exchange). These youngsters buy nearly half the records and record-players sold every year in the UK (disc sales in June were valued at around



"It keeps him off the streets."



£950,000—15 per cent more than in June, 1960). And in records, as in films, there is a marked trend away from American or pseudo-American entertainment.

In trad or mainstream or modern jazz, in rock 'n' roll and "Country and Western," and in the general, ephemeral flux of pop music US tastemakers and pace-setters have for a long time enjoyed the same kind of dominance that their counterparts in films and stage musicals have exerted in British show-business. Ever since ragtime, our popular music—for singing and dancing—has been mainly supplied by the USA. Just as American crooners spawned a colony of British imitators in the 1930s, so the new teenage idols of the suddenly booming record industry at first met the demands of their relatively *nouveau riche* public by singing US hits in a mid-Atlantic nasal twang. Jazz fans look to New Orleans, Chicago and New York as their musical Meccas and worship gods as various as Armstrong or the MJQ on their occasional visitations to these rather backward isles.

That transatlantic myth is still a very powerful one: witness for instance the formation a few weeks ago of the Confederate Jazzband, whose all-British members wear the uniforms of Rebels in the American Civil War (with names to match). American accents are still *de rigueur*, I hear, among minor pop-singers on provincial tour. Yet trad jazz in particular is slowly being naturalised by that Somerset showman, Mr. Acker Bilk, who has pushed it into the hit parade. Lonnie Donegan, who began by marketing an acceptable version of neo-American folksiness, has made his biggest success by such ultra-English numbers as "My Old Man's a Dustman"—part of a process of exploiting local traditions which is I feel in parallel with the creation of *Fings, Oliver!*, the "Carry Ons" and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*.

And, most significant of all, some of the teenagers' top gods—such as Tommy Steele, Adam Faith and Anthony Newley—talk and sing English which, if not the Queen's, is

readily accepted as a *lingua franca*. An American disguise is no longer essential; indeed it seems superfluous to success on the hit parade. At the moment nearly every record in the week's Top Twenty is made by a British singer with a British voice; and what is more many of them are singing British songs.

Pop singers help to keep alive the dwindling outposts of the now almost extinct music-hall. Until quite recently the London Palladium—widely regarded as the capital of variety's kingdom—relied for its bill-toppers almost entirely upon American performers and (often a very different breed) recording artists. But now the Palladium is occupied for most of the year by winter pantomime and summer revue, and both are led by fruitfully English comedians such as Harry Secombe, Norman Wisdom and Tommy Trinder.

As Bud Flanagan recently said, British comedy has been influenced by American methods in response to public expectations. "The American humour is slicker, faster, sharper, crueler, so our audience gradually got that way." Yet there is not a sign of Americanisation among the rest of Britain's top comedians such as Tony Hancock, Charlie Drake, Terry-Thomas, Brian Rix, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Benny Hill, Jimmy Edwards, Frankie Howerd and, of course, the Crazy Gang. Even where US models have been manifestly imitated, as in *The Army Game*'s debt to *Sergeant Bilko*, something quite individually and undeniably English has been created.

In Cassandra-theory it is in front of a television set that Sam Bull is most probably conceived. True many of the most popular (and most idiotic) programmes are either made in or copied from the USA. Borrowed American quizzes with crypto-American quizmasters; crime "melos" (made here or in the States) such as *Highway Patrol* or *Danger Man*; Westerns such as *Laramie* and *Wagon Train*; these are among the people's choice. If you have watched a few instalments of *Juke Box Jury* or *Spot the Tune*, you may well agree with the recent comment to *The Times* by David Susskind, the US television personality, that British TV is "rapidly becoming the refuse heap for the worst we produce."

Yet, on counting up the proportion of US entertainment in a random television week, I find that it amounts to less than 15 per cent on both BBC and ITV. What seems much more striking than the predictable popularity of Westerns and thrillers is the immense appetite not only for completely un-American, deliberately parochial serials, such as *Coronation Street* and *Emergency—Ward 10*, but also for plays as far outside the American-styled products of the showbiz sausage machine as Harold Pinter's *A Night Out* or even the histories of W. Shakespeare.

If regional TV extends even a token root or two into the life of the district, as it ought to do, it seems clear that US influence in our entertainment will shrink still further; and Britain's entry into the Common Market may well accelerate the small but growing trend—visible in clothes, in food-habits, in the spread of foreign-language cinemas—to follow the styles of the United States of Europe rather than those of America.

Next week:  
Alex Atkinson on Literature and the Press

## On "A" and Other Conceits

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

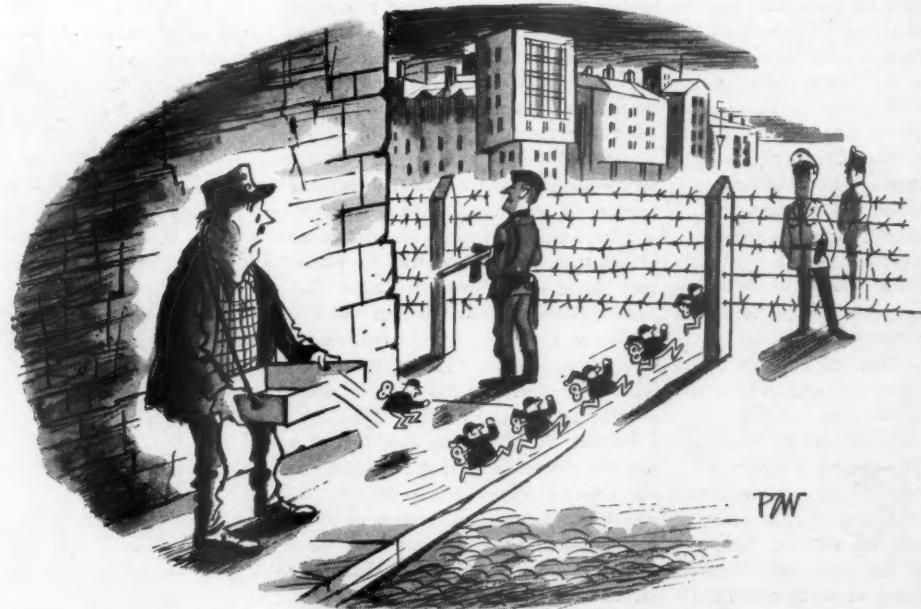
LORD SALISBURY in a letter to *The Times* on the policy of the United Nations in Katanga has recently written: "The representative of the United Nations in Katanga, a Mr. O'Brien, has declared . . ." and then proceeded to show that he did not think much of his declaration. I am not concerned in this article either with the United Nations or with policy in Katanga. I am concerned with a graver matter—with the literary implications of the word "a." Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien is of course, as everybody knows, a most distinguished person—distinguished under his own name in the world of international affairs, distinguished under his *nom de plume* in the world of letters. Lord Salisbury, who is both well read and well informed, doubtless knows perfectly well who he is. Therefore, since he is also a truthful man, he is unwilling to write "I never heard of Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien." He is equally unwilling to write "the irresponsible, ignorant, misguided Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien," since then he

might be challenged and asked for his evidence. But there is one accusation that he can bring against Mr. O'Brien with the certainty that it cannot be refuted. Whatever else Mr. O'Brien may be, he is beyond possibility of rebuttal "a Mr. O'Brien." There is no answer to that one.

Yet, saying nothing utterly explicit about him, the tell-tale "a" is of course intended to imply a great deal. It is intended to imply that Mr. O'Brien is an inconsiderable man, to whose opinion no attention ought to be paid. Suppose that one were to write, "This play is thought to be by a Mr. William Shakespeare," or "the next wicket fell to a Mr. Freddie Trueman," the uninformed reader would get the impression that there were plenty of William Shakespeares better known as dramatists and Freddie Truemens more feared as bowlers than they. Indeed, when the other day a gentleman called William Shakespeare had the misfortune to be had up before the bench at Stratford-on-Avon on a motoring offence, I daresay that there

were newspaper reports which described him as "a Mr. William Shakespeare," and he could not reasonably have complained of it. The author of *Hamlet* is a bit different. He can claim to have taken out a sort of copyright in this particular name.

Perhaps Lord Salisbury felt himself on a good wicket. For, whatever Mr. O'Brien might deny, he could not reasonably deny that there are other Mr. O'Briens around the place. All O'Briens, are, I believe, the descendants of Brian Boru, and Brian Boru seems to have been a very philoprogenitive monarch. There are indeed even plenty of Conor O'Briens about. Lord Salisbury could even, had he wished, have thrown in Conor for good measure and got away with it. Conor Cruise O'Brien might have been more difficult. Most of us are in this respect in the same boat as Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien. Were Lord Salisbury to write, as doubtless one day he will, "A Mr. Macmillan has returned to his holiday in Scotland," one could argue that he



In Next Wednesday's PUNCH

**P. G. WODEHOUSE**

Our Man in America

**ALEX ATKINSON**

discusses US Influence on Literature and the Press

**SCULLY**

two pages of drawings on Theatrical Nights

quite unable to distinguish one from another among the numerous O'Briens that are crawling like beetles upon its surface. He confidently hopes that this not so fiery particle would be easily snuffed out by a very indefinite article. "Lord Clitheroe," writes Lord Salisbury, "is not a person whose views should be ignored." I have the highest regard for Lord Clitheroe and have no wish that his views should be ignored, even when they coincide with those of Lord Salisbury. Lord Clitheroe is indeed even less of an "a" than Lord Salisbury, for, whereas there have been in times past other Lord Salisburys, Lord Clitheroe is the first of that name that we have ever had, "the first that ever burst." He is a "the" if ever there was one. But are Mr. O'Brien's views to be ignored, simply because there are other gentlemen called Mr. O'Brien in existence?

Only yesterday I found myself talking to a gentleman at a party. He was in no doubt at all who he was. He was the county surveyor of a well-known county borough and clearly informed me so. But he was equally in no doubt that he did not know who I was and did not intend to discover. I told him my name. There was no response. I explained that I lived near by. He said that he did not know the neighbourhood and that the information meant nothing to him. I told him that my son had been playing in the cricket match. He replied that he knew nothing of cricket and that he had not watched the match. It is both humiliating and difficult to explain who you are to one who is obstinately determined not to know. Even the name was no help, as he announced that he had long ago ceased trying to distinguish one name from another. I was in fact "just a body."

The Latins, in this respect more kindly than we, had no way by which they could call a man an "a." Had Lord Salisbury only written to *The Times* in Latin he could never have called Mr. O'Brien "A Mr. O'Brien." The best that he could have done would have been to call him "quidam," a certain Mr. O'Brien, and that was just the opposite of what he wished to do, since his desire was to convey that Mr. O'Brien was as uncertain as could be. Would it not perhaps be a good plan if in future Lord Salisbury wrote his letters to *The Times* in Latin?

might have been referring—quite apart from the Prime Minister or any of his relatives—to the right half-back of Glasgow Rangers or the Labour Member for the Western Isles or any number of other Macmillans who are hanging around our Northern territories. On the other hand should Mr. O'Brien reply "A Lord Salisbury has written to *The Times*," it might be replied that there is only one Lord Salisbury at a time. Whatever Lord Salisbury may be, he is at least "the" Lord Salisbury and not "a" Lord Salisbury. The point is a nice one. Suppose that I were to say "Bring me a bottle of Worthington" I should consider it an inadequate reply were the barman to say "There is only one bottle of Worthington. It is therefore the bottle of Worthington, not a bottle of Worthington." I should reply tersely, "Bring it to me nevertheless." Similarly were I to say, "Bring me a Lord Salisbury," I would require Lord Salisbury, were there one of him or fifty. The poet vainly wishes

*"If only there were lots and lots  
And lots of Mavis, Queens of Scots."*

Frankly, to the point which we are arguing at the moment, it does not seem to me to make any difference if there were or there weren't. Yet it is perhaps disputable.

But, if Lord Salisbury is not "a Lord Salisbury" surely it makes things worse rather than better. There is something exceptionally unattractive in the picture of this Marquis of ancient lineage looking out from his ancestral Hatfield at the deteriorating world around him,



## FIN de SAISON

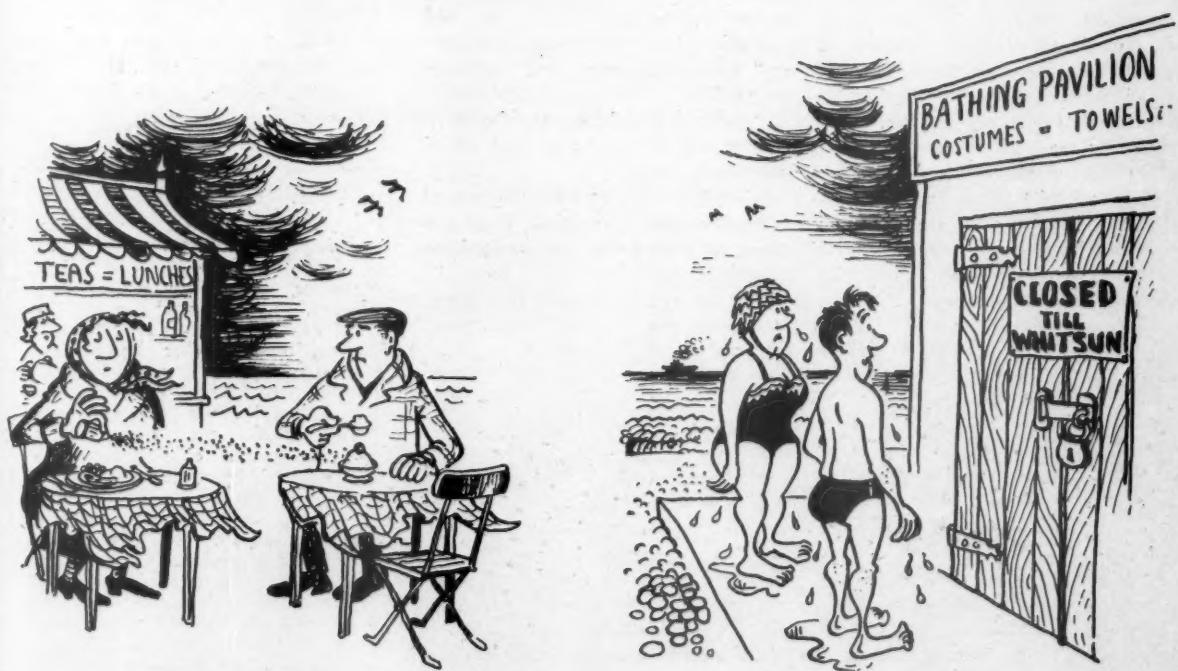
by Sprod



*"Forget it Mavis—tycoons don't have staggered holidays."*



*"What say we have a little rest now they're out of earshot?"*



## A Pie and a Bottle of Beer

By COCKBURN DUNCAN

AT the beginning of a party, a glazed sort of look came into his eyes. She had grown to recognise it. For almost a year, at every party, every gathering of friends and acquaintances, he grasped an opportunity. There were people in their own set who had heard the tale two or three times. How often had she heard it?

It began with the Western Isle, the haunting isle swept by the soft, wet winds of the Gulf Stream. It swept on with a touch of nature here and there. The buzzards perched like birds from a Walt Disney film. The kestrels hovering. The seagulls dive bombing.

Then there was the moment when he almost stepped on the snake as it glided over a bare patch of peat. Little variations covered the spongy sphagnum moss and the colour of the dying bracken and the purpling heather. The loch came next.

By this time his companion had become a misty, almost symbolic, figure instead of the fellow holiday-maker from the hotel. The loch itself was something else again. High, blue black hills towered on three sides of it and a bleak darkness lay over it. Sent a shiver down the spine. He practically managed a semblance of a shiver in a hot, crowded room jostling with drinks.

The shape of the hills gave the loch an echo. The name of the loch was Dubh. He spelt it out and pronounced it Doo. The point was to try the echo and if it worked to ask for a wish which would be granted.

He had shouted "hullo" and the echo worked. By the time he had stumbled across the tufted moor, he was sunburnt and hot. Sticky and leg weary. "I could use a pie and a bottle of beer," he shouted across the loch. Nothing happened.

They started to come back and found that they had no sense of direction. They found a stream. A stream must lead to the sea. Once at sea level, they could find a way back to the hotel.

Heard for the first time, the story reached its climax quite smoothly. They stumbled downstream. They met this shooting party. The shooting party invited them to join them and he got a bottle of beer and part of a large mince pie.

He always ended up "There are more things in Heaven and Earth . . ."

Inspiration came to her. "I know," she said. He looked at her as only an indulgent husband can look after he has said his party piece. "My grandmother was fey." He raised his eyebrows politely. The others gripped their glasses and waited.

"Before I married I was a secretary."

"A splendid secretary," he said gallantly.

"But I worked for a man who ranted and raved when things just didn't work out his way."

He flung back his head and roared. The others looked at him. Kind husband and so on but this was immoderate laughter.

She went on. "I stood this fussing and creating as long as I could, then I

made a gingerbread man. You know the thing. Cloves for eyes, currants for buttons and so on. One day when my boss was particularly nasty I stuck a pin in the leg of the little man. At once I heard a crash inside the boss's room." Her husband had stopped laughing. One or two folks were sipping nervously. They had heard of this sort of thing.

"I hadn't expected it to work and when it did I was frightened. He had fallen over his telephone flex and twisted his ankle." Her husband watched her keenly.

"When I came out of his room I had only one thought in mind. To get rid of the little man. But I couldn't fling it in the fire or he would have burned to death. Nor could I fling it in the river or he would drown."

"What did you do?" asked someone.

"I ate the gingerbread man," she said.

"Cannibalism," said someone.

"What happened to the poor man?"

"I married him," she replied. The others hooted but the husband didn't.

Later, when they were alone he said, "That was a lot of boloney."

"Don't you remember falling over the wire and twisting your ankle?"

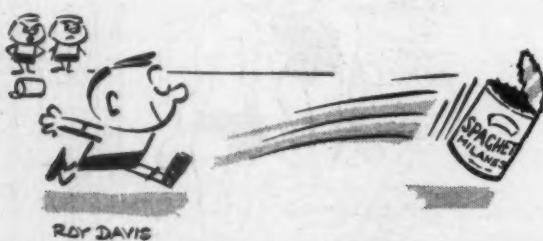
"Naturally. It still troubles me," he said.

"There you are then," and she smiled like Mona Lisa.

"But the guff about the little man?" he cried. She never answered. She feels she has heard the last of Loch Dubh but if she hasn't, she will use the little man until she does.

### BLACK MARK . . . No. 18

... to those persons, both amateurs and professionals, who stick up posters and bills and who fail to remove them after the relevant event. Why should we still be exhorted to "Vote for Bloggs," three months after Bloggs was decisively rejected as a borough councillor? Why do "Grand Annual Fêtes" for Whit Monday still compete for our attention with similar events on August Bank Holiday? Why, when we are attracted by advertisements for films, circuses, exhibitions, race meetings, dances, auction sales, and all the other paraphernalia of civilisation, do we discover, on reaching the last line of half of them, that the event was held last Monday, or last week, or last month?



"It looks like the Greaves technique to me."

# COMPOSERS AT WORK



**Beethoven**



**Brahms**

TUM-TI-TUM

Tumpity-tum

TUMpity-TUMpity

Tumpity-tum

TUM-PITY

TUM-PITY

TUMpity-TUMpity!

TUM-TI-TUM



**Lionel Bart**

**Bach**

*newism*

## COMPOSERS AT WORK



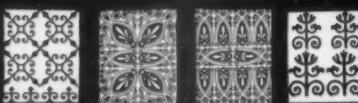
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## BACK TO CULTURE

All over England adult minds, with a winter of dark evenings stretching before them, are determining that this year they really are going to do something about improving themselves—learn German, get to grips with beta-mesons, explore tapestry. Some of the possibilities are reviewed in the next eight pages.

## THE GIFT OF A TONGUE

by J. B. Boothroyd

THIS is the time of year when a husband, home unexpectedly early, finds his wife talking in a darkened room with some vibrant foreign layabout. "Il tempo è denaro," he is urgently boozing, and the little woman agrees tremulously, "Time is money." He hardly waits for her. "La vita," he insists, "è piena di guai!" She hesitates a little: "Life . . . is full of troubles. No, no. I mean dogs are faithful." He presses his advantage in thrilling tones. "I cani sono fedeli! I lupi sono feroci!"

The husband bursts in, switching on the light. "Wolves are ferocious," remarks his wife, switching off the record-player and stuffing her text-book behind a *cuscino*. "Have you had a hard day, darling?"

He feels a fool, of course, but no more of a fool than he'll feel next summer, not for the first time, when he sets foot in some corner of a foreign field with no more than the old "Er-er, *donnez-moi*." This, at any rate, is his wife's theory. Wasn't it last year that she sent him off on a ten-minute bus-ride into Savona to buy a fly-swat and he came back three hours later with a fishing-rod?

But the theory is not in fact sound. A wife trying to swat mosquitoes with a rod and line feels more of a fool than the husband, who sees it as one more amusing episode in the whole joke-saga of linguistics. This is partly why the wife decided to go in for languages in the first place. A husband reminded from time to time of the waywardness of Greek preterites may perhaps abandon his habit of talking about "*un blond régâl*" for "a fair treat"—loudly, in La Réserve at Beaulieu. (But it's a bit galling for her when he goes to buy a Western at a Cologne bookstall, asks with a snigger for "*ein Cowboybuch*," and turns out to have got it right.)

The husband, what's more, and to revert, *has* had a hard day, and is likely, as autumn wears into winter and winter into spring, to have a progressively harder. Learning a language is not, as a wife at first thinks, a matter of putting on a record and listening to a string of Spanish proverbs during the dusting. She despairs, anyway, of making any real use of this on the Costa Brava. With considerably more fluency she might be able to drag the conversation round to the point where

she can remark that you can't chime the bells and at the same time walk in the procession, but it isn't the sort of thing you can work out while you try to remove a floor-cloth from the vacuum-cleaner hose. This means, as husbands will discover, a mounting incidence of unmade beds and tinned tomatoes on toast, to say nothing of having to sit with Maigret invisibly mewed-up inside the TV set so that unknown Italians can boom their measured way through costly LPs about the fidelity of dogs. "What," the husband is inclined to ask, as the plump envelopes from the travel agency begin to thump through the letter-box—"What is the Italian for 'the hell with it'?" He doesn't ask it. He knows that the exercise is all for his own good. He only hopes that at the end of it all, when the bills for discs, phrase-books, text-books, Spanish illustrated weeklies and copies of *Don Quixote* in the original start rolling in, it will all be worth it. *Es ist nichts so schlimm*, after all (as his wife seems likely to point out at the drop of a cappello), *es ist zu etwas gut*. Interpreting this privately as a warning against slimming by night lest the intestine be injured, he crosses to the gramophone and gallantly puts on Lesson 9, "La Géographie." Ah, well. With benefit of ear-plugs he can still get on with his James Bond; meanwhile, "La France abonde en vieilles villes pittoresques, en monuments de toutes les époques et de tous les styles . . ." His wife has screwed up her

eyes in dedicated concentration. Jolly good luck to her. And next summer, when they find themselves in the middle of a *ville pittoresque*, with their traveller's cheques lost and the last bus gone, may she not be too stubborn to stop an obviously resident Englishwoman and ask for a translation of the note pinned to the locked door of the Syndicat d'Initiatif.

But the truth is that even if our wives study hard all autumn, complete fluency may not be achieved. One holiday husband, it's reported, had the greatest difficulty in persuading his wife to essay an Italian word of any kind, despite an intensive course of study in the long, dark evenings. When, on their last day, under threats, she went shopping for face tissues and came out with a toilet-roll, he was naturally disappointed. It was lucky that during their absence from home an Italian restaurant had sprung up in their nearest New Town, and she was at least able to ask the waiter for the bill in his native tongue. "*Il conte, cameriere, per favore*," she called. The waiter's eyes lit up nostalgically. "*Subito, signora!*" He was gone some time before coming back with two more coffees.

## BRUSH UP YOUR TEST-TUBES

by R. G. G. Price

MANY people who think how agreeable it might be to pick up a little science in the long winter evenings work out how much a cyclotron would cost, even on HP, and regretfully turn back to Conversational Welsh or Wax Work as a second best. This is ill-judged. Because atom-splitting machines are always in the news it does not mean they are the only kind of Science there is. There are plenty of fascinating experiments that delighted our forefathers and have fallen into undeserved neglect. Many of them have the advantage for the home student that the apparatus needed can be put together out of materials found in any well furnished house. If your home is not furnished to Victorian standards, there are always the junk shops. Many people have a dim memory of once having done a little

elementary science at school, though they may be able to remember only smells and a general impression of hot iron, formulae and microscopes with screws loose. The season's programme should be able to minister to nostalgia as well as to curiosity.

The centrepiece of most laboratory recollections is the bunsen burner. You might be able to pick up one second-hand from a school. Of course you may then find you are all-electric and Bunsen (1811-99) was gas-minded if ever a man were. However, the production of coal gas is one of the key operations of Industrial Chemistry. Buy some coal and use any knowledge you may have gained during previous winters devoted to bricklaying to build a small coking oven. In the course of reducing the coal to coke by electric heating, you may well produce a gas consisting of 50 per cent hydrogen, 35 per cent methane, 6 per cent carbon monoxide and 5 per cent ethylene. (This seems to fall short of the full hundred, but no doubt the discrepancy can be explained as by-products, wastage, evaporation, graft and defects in mensuration procedures.) Use this gas in the burner.

Buy a retort-stand and over the bottom ring put a piece of zinc net. Its métier is to get red-hot and cause discussion about whether it is capable of doing one more turn. If you cast your mind back, you will remember that retort-stands less often held retorts than flasks, so put a flask on and boil some water while you are thinking what to do next. Bunsens aimlessly flaring will bring back this aspect of your youth; but water aimlessly boiling will bring it back even more. Having created an atmosphere, it is time for a little relaxation. *The Art of Modern Conjuring* says that, if you cover your face with white oxide of bismuth and then hold a tumbler of water impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen near it, your face will suddenly turn black. In any case, whether used for



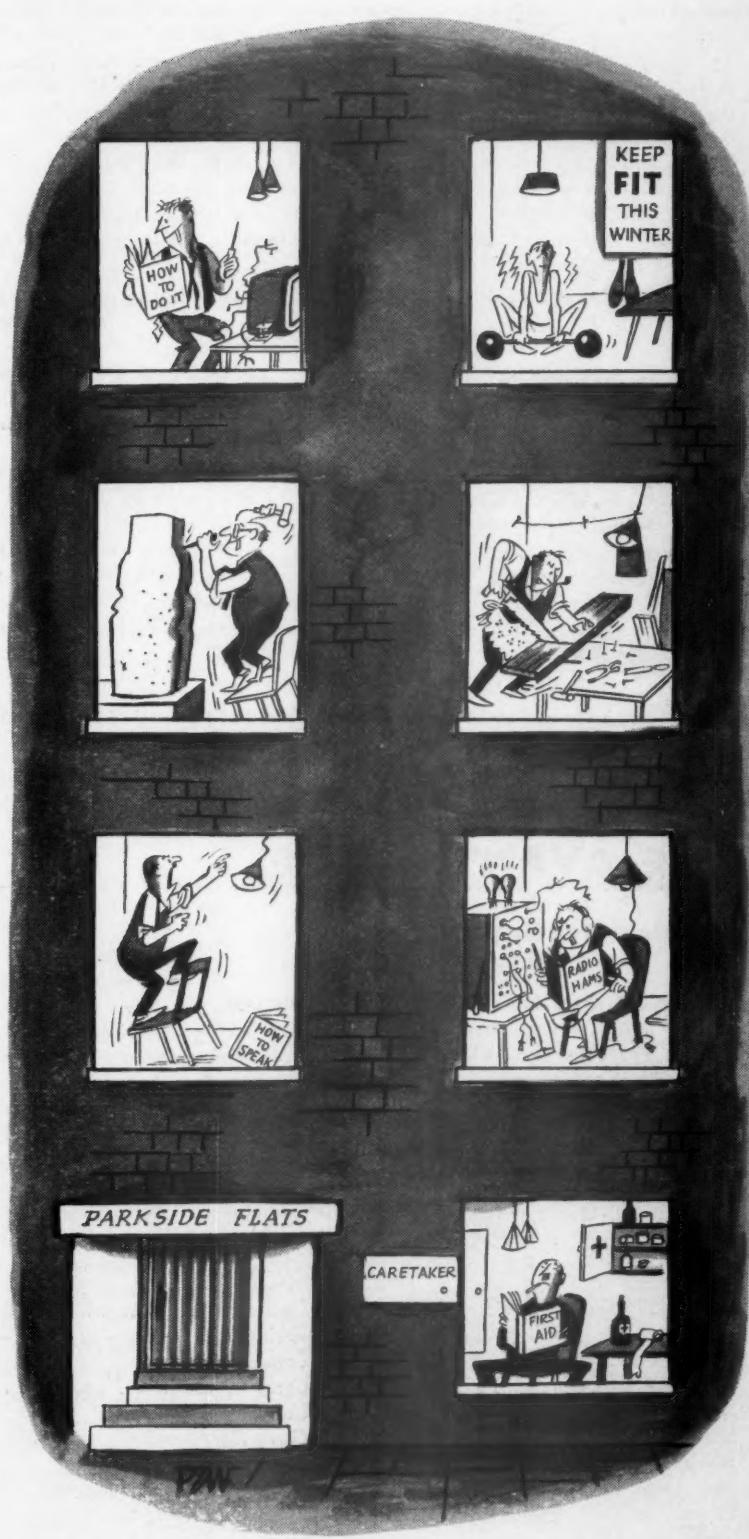
"Get yourself a sandwich—it's my cookery night."

this purpose or not, sulphuretted hydrogen is well worth producing for its own sake.

Sir Percy Nunn used to say that education should follow the sequence Wonder-Utility-System. Personally, for the adult I advise a mixture of the three. Although far from exhausted by Wonder as yet, you would be well advised to insert into the evening a less purely recreational type of science. Gunpowder, though outmoded for large scale demolition, still, after all, explodes. At a time when the search is on for local, limited and ultraconventional explosives, gunpowder may still have its part to play. Mix potassium nitrate, often called in this particular experiment nitre, charcoal and sulphur in the proportions 75:15:10, light and the welkin of your rumpus room will ring.

It is important not to become fixated on one branch of science. Rewarding though Chemistry is, there is also Physics, not to speak of Pathology, Demography and Paranormal Psychology. For an instance of Utility taken from Physics, I suggest the measurement of height by taking the temperature of boiling water. For your results to be dramatic you really need a mountain. The resident in a large block of flats will have to train himself to measurements accurate enough to respond to movements of the lift. In Biology selection is more difficult. I cannot class training rats to ring bells in order to obtain food under this heading. It seems to me to be pure hedonism, as far as the experimenter is concerned. I suppose with time and elaborate apparatus it might be possible to produce a veritable carillon; but at the moment it is Utility that concerns us and the best suggestion I can make is growing disease-free strains of wheat in window-boxes. I can sympathise with the student who blithely turns back to Chemistry and makes ammonium-tri-iodide, which explodes when stepped on and, apart from its obvious value in practical jokes, can be used as one line of defence against the nervous house-breaker.

What, then, about System? The trouble here is that, if you are trying to build up a picture of the gradual emergence of Man's knowledge of Nature, there will be times when you cannot take the next step without something hard to come by in the

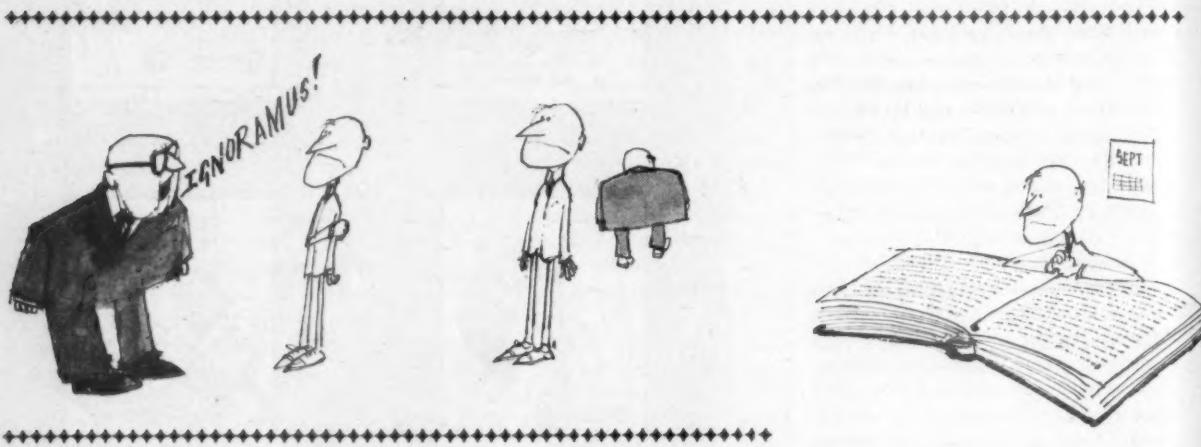


modern home, like a leaning tower or a blast furnace or a clockwork telescope. The aether, phlogiston, the properties of azote and the evolution of the giant reptiles cannot adequately be studied from experiments with jam-jars and candles and string. I advise simply leaving out those parts of the story that do not provide the kind of evening occupation you want. After all, the

whole point of the voluntary pursuit of knowledge is that nobody shall be able to examine you: You are the Master of your Syllabus. Personally, I have every sympathy for the householder who firmly omits fossilisation in order to make room for more colour changes.

One last piece of random advice. Make sure the television is off before you begin. There is nothing more

distracting, when you are heating manganese dioxide in a little copper boat or trying to count the fauna in a drop of water or rubbing amber as a first stage towards understanding the dynamo, than noticing you have left the television on and Raymond Baxter is inviting viewers to accompany him into an ostentatiously well equipped laboratory.



## HOW TO GET AHEAD OF THE AVANT-GARDE

by Alex Atkinson

**H**IGHBROW films are different now. The emphasis has shifted. There was a time when munching queues of pallid intelligentsia would wait for *Earth* or *Greed* or René Clair at Hampstead or the South Bank. To-day the intelligentsia tends to be ruddy-faced and accident-prone, like Amis people or the broad-bottomed Braine children. Why not join them? Apart from delighting in their Cult of the Esoteric or Really Stinking Film, they while away dull stretches when there's nothing showing at the local but some old de Sica or Fellini or Bergman or Spike Milligan or Pudovkin, by getting up Neo-Intelligent Film Games. We have jotted a few of these games down, and you are hereby invited to enter this new world, this hitherto closed circle of eggheaded entertainment, at no extra charge.

### Game One

Everybody gets in his car and drives off with twelve shillings in his pocket. First one back with a programme from a drive-in cinema showing *It Conquered The World*, *Night of the Blood Beast* and *The Headless Ghost* all together is declared the winner, and is given a framed still from *Blood of Dracula*.

### Game Two

Devise a plot that will fit all the following titles:—

*Carry On Freud*  
*Carry On Assistant Manager*  
*Carry On Liftman*  
*Carry On Tammy*  
*Carry On Shop Steward*  
*Carry On Battleship Potemkin*  
*Carry On Private Secretary*  
*Carry On First Clarinet*



### Game Three

From materials immediately at hand (e.g., soggy tomato sandwiches, crumpled copies of *News of The World*, or kewpie dolls with half their stuffing missing) design and make a suitable plaque or statuette to be awarded to Jules Dessin for his unforgettable performance in *Never On Sunday*.

### Game Four

The whole party sits on the floor in a circle and hums the background music

from *Nikki, Wild Dog Of The North*. (This is a warm-up game, very helpful in getting people acquainted.) First one to go wrong pays a forfeit, such as telling the story of *The Guns Of Navarone* without using a single gesture.

#### Game Five

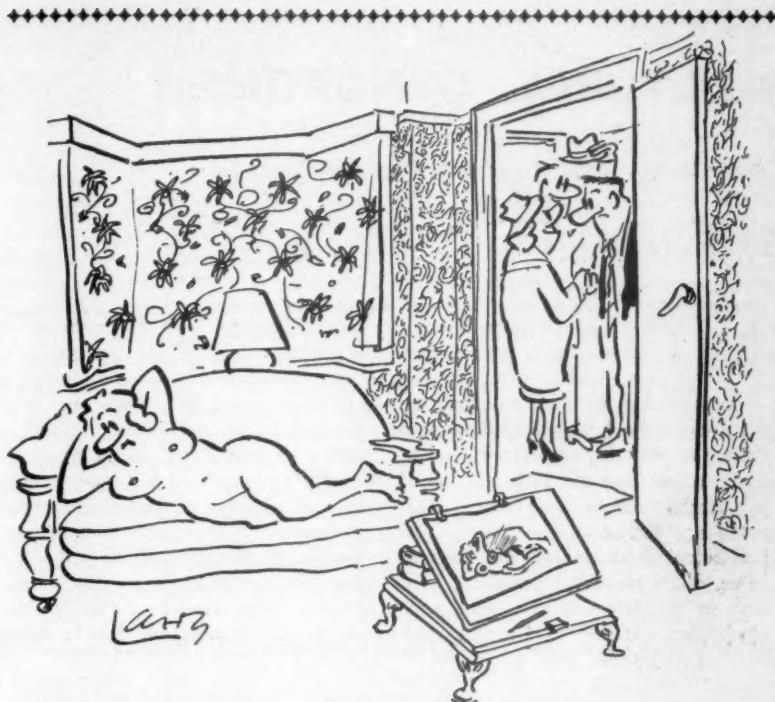
Contestants all write a letter to *Sight And Sound* couched in language that will fool them into giving answers to any two of the following questions:—

- (a) Why does no one have the gumption to reissue some of the good old favourites like *Rio Rita*, starring Wheeler and Woolsey, or Jeanette Macdonald in *Beyond The Blue Horizon*?
- (b) Who was the girl in *Son Of Lassie*?
- (c) I still have a pair of cardboard 3-D spectacles. What are they worth?
- (d) Real names of Tab Hudson, Rock Cameron and Rod Hunter, please?

First one to get a sensible answer wins a year's subscription to *Screen Romances*.

#### Game Six

Give your own cinema show. A very popular feature would be the Marx Brothers films all joined together, with



everything cut out except Tony Martin singing *Tenement Symphonie*.

#### Game Seven

Which of the following titles are (a) authentic, (b) worth trying?

- Lust In The Sun*
- Nature Undressed*
- Girls In Lovers' Lane*
- Sunny Side Up*
- Call Me Adam*
- Barefoot In Paradise*

#### Game Eight

Assume that Elvis Presley has stopped singing in his films and started giving Dynamic or Incisive Portrayals instead, like Frank Sinatra. One competitor goes out of the room, takes five minutes to make himself up, and returns to play Elvis in any scene from *The Brothers Karamazov*. After half an hour of this, the other competitors have to guess who he is and what the hell he's supposed to be doing.

#### Game Nine

Imagine that you are president of your local branch of the Mamie Van Doren Fan Club, and that Miss Van Doren is to attend in person at your

twenty-fifth showing of *Vice Raid*. Compose a speech of welcome to the guest of honour, *without* making mention of any of the following:—

1. The Copernican hypothesis
2. Eleanor Duse
3. Aristotle's Ten Categories
4. Galileo's law of inertia

#### Game Ten

Write an address to be given at the National Film Theatre on the opening night of a Three Stooges Festival, bringing in two or more of the following points:—

- (a) The Stooges represent at once the Fates, the Powers of Darkness, the Id, the Ego and the hypothetical imperative.
- (b) Eisenstein's mastery in the use of slapstick has always been exaggerated by most critics.
- (c) Consumer reaction to a Three Stooges film and to a first rate performance of *Oedipus Rex* can be equated: in each case the audience is purged by pity and terror, and tired.
- (d) The Three Stooges have consistently refused to appear in *Beyond The Fringe*.



## CULTURAL SYNDROMES

*Some Health Risks, Their Aetiology and Prophylaxis*

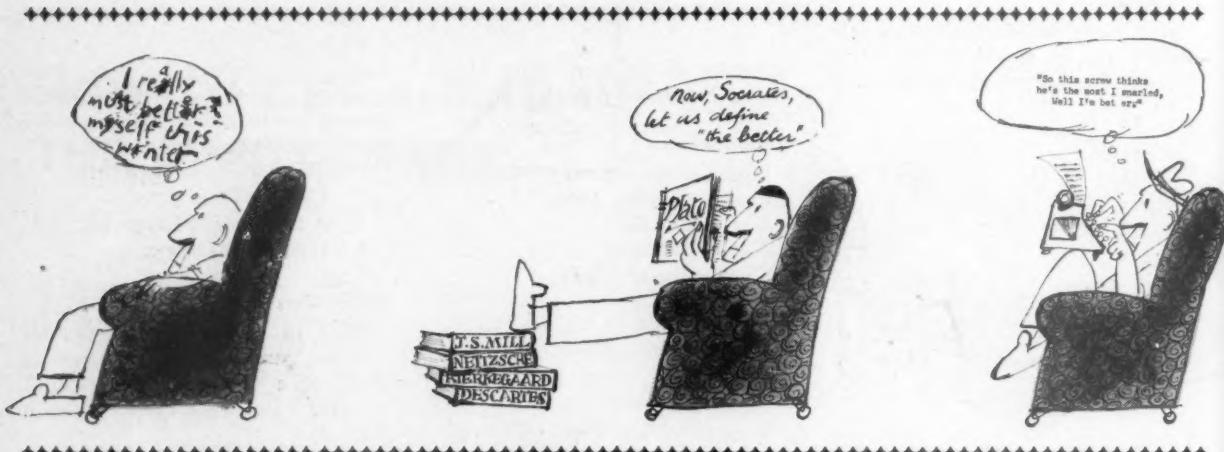
by **H. F. Ellis**

MANY people, who would not dream of turning to some new pursuit such as motor-cycling or water-skiing without reflecting on the risks involved, plunge headlong into culture with little or no preparation, and find too late that the inevitable result is a rickety back or some more lasting emotional disturbance. Artistic and intellectual interests are not without value, when properly controlled, both from a physiological and psychiatric standpoint, but may have serious con-

more likely to lead to emotional or psychosomatic ill effects; and this is to some extent true. Clearly, the risks attendant upon the taking up of a musical instrument differ in kind as well as in degree from those associated with a course of concert-going; heavy falls from ladders are commoner among monumental sculptors than among purely critical connoisseurs; and so on. But the line must not be too sharply drawn. The metatarsal troubles that afflict gallery-goers, to take a single

urge to "take up foreign languages" ought, on quieter consideration, to be seen to be over-enthusiastic; one will be enough. The feeling of hopelessness, tending towards malignant melancholia, that overtakes in about the third week those who have decided to become knowledgeable about architecture or old silver can be avoided by an early realisation that the reward can never be worth the effort\*. Sitting down on a piano stool before it has stopped spinning is madness for the over-fifties. Practical wisdom of this kind is the ABC of culture without invalidism. But there are more subtle dangers against which the neophyte must be on his guard; and here some skill in self-diagnosis is invaluable.

Consider the harp, which many may be thinking of mastering this winter. That there is a risk of bursitis, due to overstretching, which can be reduced by cutting down on the lower notes until the shoulders become supple,



sequences if heedlessly indulged in. The numbers of writers and artists who have gone mad or suffered disfigurement should be warning enough to the beginner.

Broadly speaking, the pursuit of culture may be either active or passive, creative or absorptive, each branch having up to a point its distinctive injuries and ailments. It will be supposed that active, creative work is more prone to produce physical injury, passive enjoyment of the work of others

instance, are seldom found in practising painters, unless the latter have acquired the habit of withdrawing an exceptional distance from the canvas between strokes. Conversely, the active exercise of arts or crafts is no guarantee against neurotic disorders, as any doctor with an amateur potter on his list will agree; the clinical connection between lopsided vases and certain types of hysteria is well established.

Common sense will suggest some of the more obvious pitfalls. That sudden

almost any beginner can see. But how many recognise, in a slurring of the speech, quickened breathing and a general state of hypertension, the early symptoms of Harper's disease, a deep-seated frustration rooted, it is thought, in the shape of the instrument? This feeling of being unwanted, of being

\*The reward, it may as well be admitted, is to show off the newly acquired knowledge to somebody willing to listen. But how rarely the time, the place and the old silver all together.

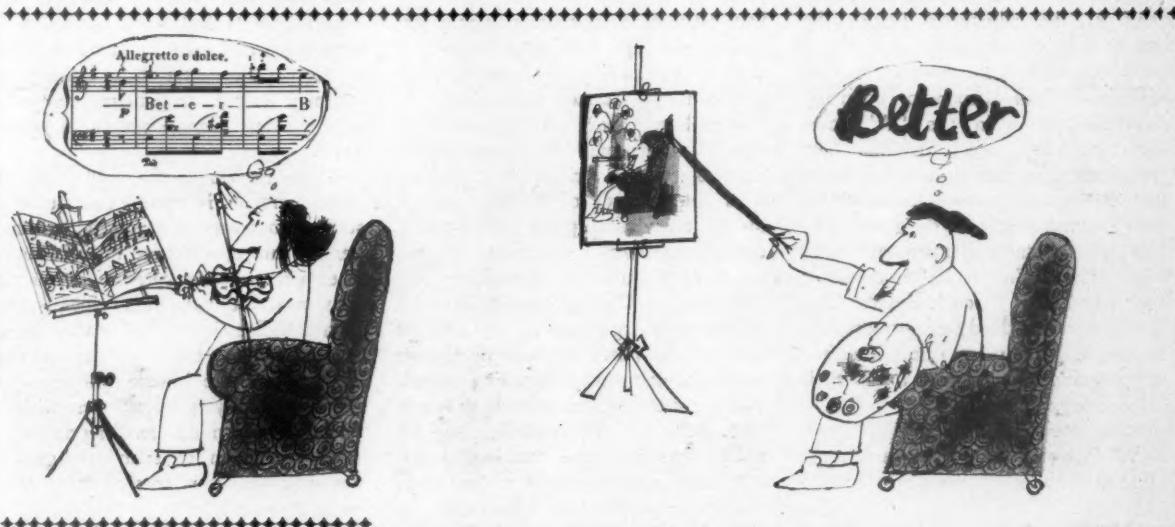
unable to get to grips, almost certainly stems from the "runaway" slope of the harp and finds an interesting parallel in the neuroses of many double-bass players. As a general guide, the insecure should confine their interest to instruments that "offer" rather than withdraw their playing areas.

Another interesting syndrome often occurs in the world of amateur potters, to whom reference has already been made. The up-and-down movement of the foot on the treadle, coupled with the circulatory motions of the head as it follows the rotation of the pot on the wheel, sets up antagonistic tensions in the body as each member tries to move in sympathy with the other. Brain lesions may follow, and the early symptoms—a diagonal or rolling walk, attacks of giddiness and vomiting—should be regarded as a warning to give the craft centre a miss for a day or two.

for self-improvement takes the form, let us say, of a determination to read all Proust or to find out what Theatre Workshop is aiming at, the danger to health is more insidious. Not only are the symptoms less well-defined, they are often cloaked by a spurious feeling of well-being. Progress appears to be being made, the walls of ignorance to be falling down as at the first blast of a trumpet. In far less time than it would take him to master Exercise 1 for the Flute or to mix a recognisable grey by following the instructions in the water-colour outfit, a man may have two hundred and fifty pages under his belt and feel almost a Proustian or be able to distinguish sharply between Wesker and Brecht. Borne along on a wave of euphoria, convinced that culture is easy once you get down to it, he does not realise how deep and cold are the waters beneath him until an opportu-

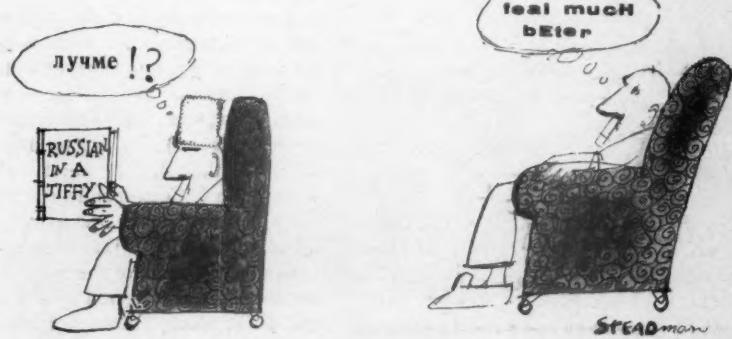
nity suddenly occurs to join in a conversation about literature or the stage. He then remembers nothing, can quote no single line from Proust, recall no play or playwright, still less link one with the other. It is all *there*, but he has no means of proving it. The sensation of falling is then so real as actually to end up, on occasion, in *Juke Box Jury* or *Route 66*. From being merely uncultured in a deprecating way he may now become avowedly anti-culture, with morose letter-writing or boozing tendencies. The shock to the whole system is only equalled, in the sphere of active, creative culture, by asking for a frank criticism and getting it.

There is no certain prophylactic against this form of cultural syncope. But the old GP's maxim "Don't bone up on what bores you" still contains a grain of salt.



Every practical culturist must realise that the simultaneous employment of brain and hand for which art often calls puts a double strain on the system to which it may be quite unaccustomed; when the legs are enlisted as well (potters, pianists, organists, and some schools of painting are cases in point) a breakdown is well-nigh inevitable if the body is not rested and refreshed by long periods of non-culture.

In the less active, more purely intellectual spheres, where the desire



## HOMEWORK FOR GROWN-UPS

by E. S. Turner

PROFESSOR JESSE BEERY, of Ohio, used to teach horseback riding by correspondence, offering many secrets never before disclosed. Mr. Kara Ashikaga, of Tokio and Liverpool, sent the secrets of the Samurai by post; that is, he passed on the tricks of ju-jutsu which, if it did not disable gunmen, at least relieved constipation.

People have learned, through the mails, the way to tango, to stuff fish, to trail spies, to play the Moonlight Sonata on the piano, to "write forceful ads" (an essential qualification for running a correspondence school), to conquer Groundless Fears and to achieve forcefulness and ideation.

But these satisfied customers are as chaff in the whirlwind before the earnest millions who enrol with correspondence schools in order to become firemen or book-keepers or company secretaries, to gain the "A" level certificate they never thought they would need or the university degree that, at the time, seemed less desirable than the bank manager's daughter. The "top ten" postal academies have more pupils than all the "techs" in the land; and when the "tech" classes have slumped to one-third strength after six months or so the postal pupils are often still slogging away, if only to get their money's worth.

Some sociologist looking for work could do worse than try to assess the impact of the correspondence schools

on a society which demands that every man should wear an educational ticket. If all the postally-trained adults in the City of London were to hold reunions the Albert Hall would have to be booked for a month. There was one year when, out of more than 2000 persons who sat for the examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, only two had not taken correspondence lessons (the others, of course, may have taken oral tuition as well). Regularly, monotonously, the postal pupils swamp the pass lists of the quantity surveyors, the management institutions, the sales managers, the fire engineers and the public services, carrying off any gold medals that may be going. The lay preacher who castigates your sins may have taken a postal course; so may the doctor who taps your chest (there are at least two medical correspondence schools in the London Directory).

It all began about seventy years ago. The International Correspondence Schools (whose British headquarters send out upwards of 50,000 letters a month to students) sprang from a postal coal-mining course conducted by the editor of a journal in America. The University of Chicago developed postal tuition on a large scale in the 'nineties and private postal schools in Britain were simultaneously thrusting ahead. Not the most difficult schools to found were those teaching journalism and art ("Can you copy this drawing?") and competition was fierce in a day when the scope for free-lances was wide; an undecided applicant might receive twenty follow-up letters, upbraiding him for wasting his talent.

Those who say that the chief objection to correspondence teaching is that there is no corporate spirit (admittedly, postal students do not go helling around together, breaking glass and painting statues) may like to know that in 1912 the British pupils of the International Correspondence Schools were the first body in Britain to present an aeroplane to the War Office, to be used in the service of the State. That summer it was "steered" by a pupil, Mr. R. B. Slack, "through 1,700 miles

of space." It does not appear that Mr. Slack learned to fly by correspondence.

In Britain, over the past thirty years or so, the boom in postal teaching is due in great part to the tendency of the commercial professions to form themselves into tight corporations, with admission and advancement by examination only.

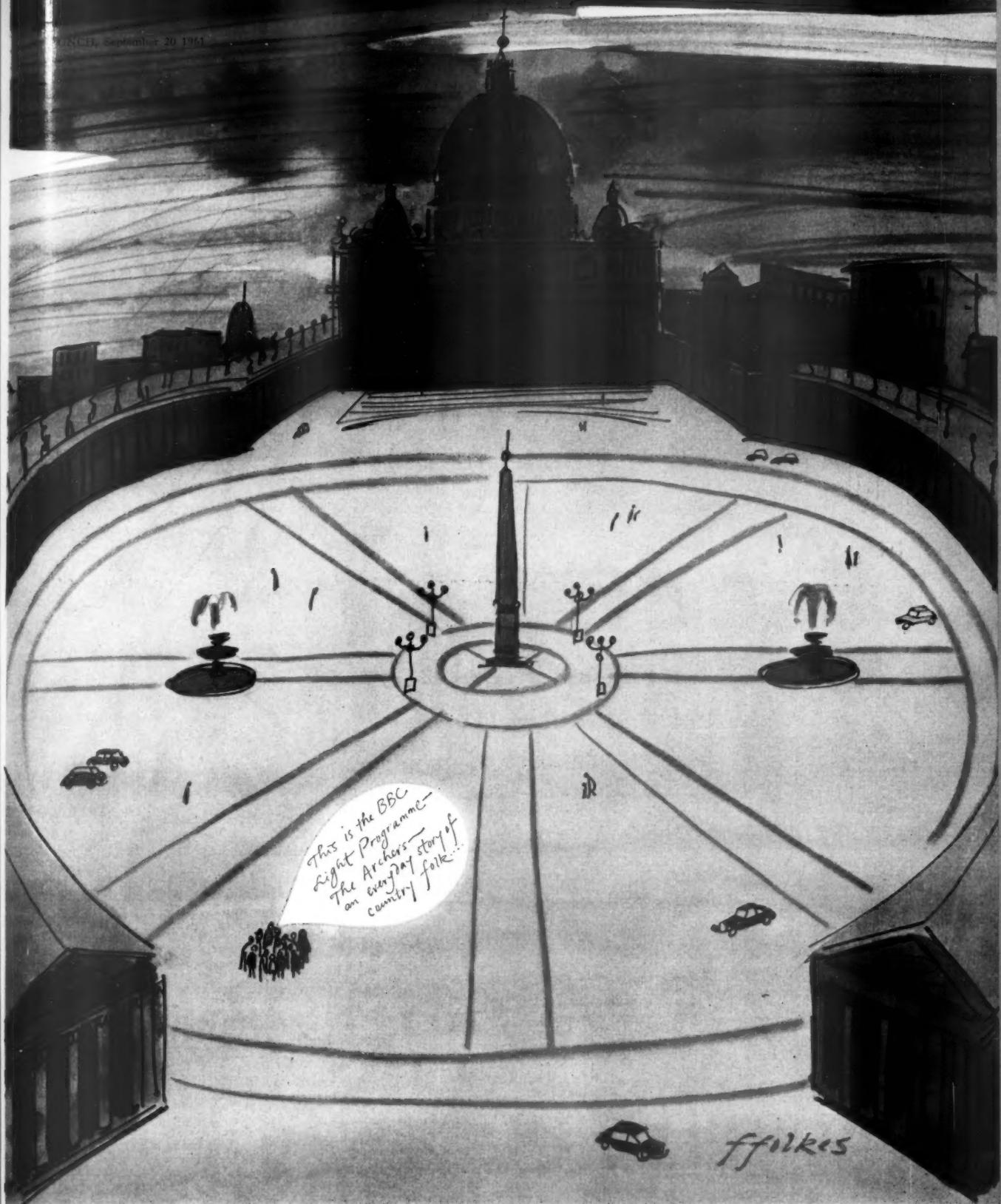
A second big factor is the GCE system, which has brought great grist to the postal mills. There are school children, technical students and even University students who, unable to profit from their teachers, take correspondence courses as well. A third major category is that of men who want to better their status in the trade by which they already earn a living, or to gain enough technical knowledge to switch into a more promising trade. Many firms send their men to correspondence school, if only to test their ambition and staying power; a few run their own correspondence courses. In America the typical postal pupil is said to be a married man of twenty-six with a high-school education taking a technical course. In Britain, twenty-six is also a fair average age for a postal pupil.

There is, too, a scattered band of postal students in cut-off communities such as monasteries, sanatoria, prisons, Service camps, ships and far-off islands (the postman has carried lessons to Tristan d'Acunha). In principle the Home Office is all for encouraging prisoners to take correspondence courses; but the inmate who can get down to studying electronics with a bigamist and a pimp breathing down his neck is a man of such strength of character that it is hard to know why he is in jail at all.

Granted that there are obvious disadvantages in postal teaching, what are the advantages? The pupil is forced to express himself a good deal on paper, which helps him in examinations; he is not held back by dullards or distracted by bosoms; he does not have the indignity of sitting beside younger men; he does not miss lessons through illness; he can (and does) ask his unseen instructor franker, and perhaps longer, questions than he might care to put to a teacher in person. And if his self-discipline breaks down and he abandons the course, at least he knows he has not done a better man out of a place.

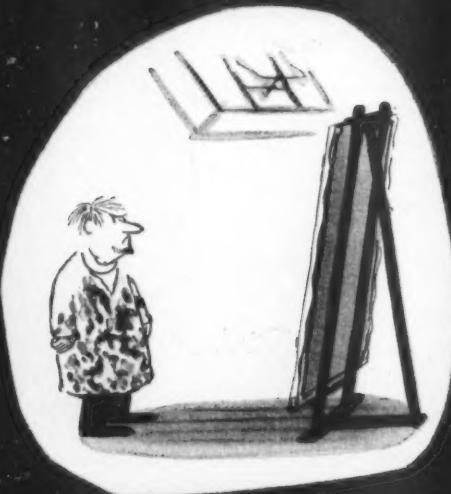


ONCH, September 20 1961



This is the BBC  
Light Programme  
The Archers story of  
country folk...

ffolkes



# All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go

**A Poor Man's Guide to the Affluent Society**

By **MALCOLM BRADBURY**

## 4—In and Out

THE subject of our discussion to-day is neither rowing nor the European Common Market; our title refers to the problems of living in a society where fashions replace standards as guides to living, and where the phrase *What's new?* is fundamental, for it is fatal to be seen with what's old. I have spoken of three lies to live by that the consumer society has thrown up—Government by Choice, by Public Relations and by Technology—but let us now consider the world of values that lies behind it all. Let us consider the spectacles of three more brands of government—Government by Fashion, Government by Publicity and Government by Happiness—for these are the means by which we learn to live with this world of ours and all that lies within it.

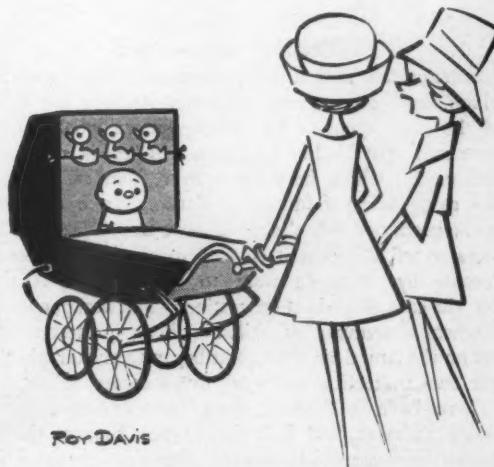
### 4. GOVERNMENT BY FASHION

In a non-consumer society there is a traditional moral scheme of things which tells a man how he should behave. He must work hard, do good and treat others as he would be treated by them; he must take what comes and do his best to live with it. In non-consumer societies people throw things away because they are worn and purchase things because they need them. There are changes of taste, changes of fashion, but the change comes over a long period of time and is expressive of new and developing forms and fresh social thinking. In a consumer society nobody knows his place, knows how or according to what rules to act and whether what he has got is what he deserves or whether, really, he merits something better. He does not know what is best or right but he does know what is fashionable. He is told by the press, by the advertisement, by the popular song. But what is normal (i.e. what is fashionable) changes all the time. The cycle of change has shortened so much that there is rapid obsolescence of everything from last year's cars to last year's ideas. This is called the Ten-Minute Revolution, and what it means is that the mind is usually

empty and the dustbin always full. (In a consumer society, the focal point of the house is the dustbin.)

The Ten-Minute Revolution already operates in America, where everything you buy has some device in it to show in what year it was made. And since, as I have said, a man these days is placed and identified by the goods he buys—indeed, this is his means of identifying himself—it has to be not only of the right year but of the right brand. The new American class-system works by means of goods. A friend of mine there installed, in a particularly unostentatious room, an extremely expensive hand-made ceiling, which looked like everyone else's ceiling—looked like it, that is, to everyone save persons of taste and expertise. And since these were the only people he wanted to impress and to know, his purpose was served. The point is to be In—but In, of course, with the People who are In. What is In with people who are Out is, of course, automatically Out to those who are In. And in fact those who are farthest In are the people who are Far Out. What is In with the people who are Far Out usually is taken up by the people who are In and made In until it goes Out, when the people who are Out, Far Out, take it up again. Thus it was the people who were Far Out who took up as a style the foreign sports-car, cars so small that getting into them was a womb-like experience. They were taken up as a form of protest, protest against the big American sedan, which was In with all the people who were In. Then, however, the sports-car was taken up by the exurbanite executive, the Men Who Have Everything, and thus it became In. Now everyone has one, except the people who are Far Out; they now have scooters. Thus fashions start among the protest groups, who are dedicated to taking dope and overthrowing the government, and end up in the White House.

The point here is that if you know who you are and what your status is, and if you live in one place among people who have known you since you were a boy, you don't need fashion. It is only in an anonymous, mobile, ever-changing society in which your identity seems to change from day to



*"I think he's more like Peter Scott."*



day that fashion runs our lives, and that people look at their car and their kitchen to remind themselves what kind of people they are and what their social role is. "I am I," said Gertrude Stein, "because my little dog knows me." But I am I, says man in the consumer society, because I am fashion-conscious, spending-prone and have brand preferences.

##### 5. GOVERNMENT BY PUBLICITY

The question that now arises is; if we are indeed governed by fashion, how do we find out what fashions are right? One of the main agencies for making known what kind of behaviour and what kind of man is in this year is, of course, the mass-media, which have taken over from religion and tradition as agencies of human guidance. In a consumer society the press not only describes news but makes it; what it chooses to tell us, what it chooses to consider important, is automatically what we want to know. Consider, for example, the case of the beat generation. The beat generation began when a number of failed writers, protesters and deviants on the American west coast began to cluster together for their own protection and work out a communal style of life. There have, of course, long been bohemians, and Greenwich Villagers, and Left Bank types, because the life of a genius is pleasant but ill-paid; there are always a few people willing to take the poverty because of the pleasure. Beatniks, however, became a fashion; that is to say, they were taken up by the press and made into news. The magazines

were full of articles about the beats, with photographs of them being sick in motels and sleeping on mattresses on the floor. The guided tours of San Francisco took in the North Beach area, and all the tourists went to stare at the Beats while they sat in the Co-existence Bagel Shop protesting and writing poetry and nailing it on the wall. The fashion grew; beat poets took their clothes off at poetry readings and fell in love with trees. Soon, almost overnight, everyone in America became beat; on every university campus in the country beatniks appeared, often outnumbering the squares. Or consider juvenile delinquency; the way juvenile delinquency works is that young people read about what delinquents in other areas are doing, and then do it.

In non-consumer societies illiteracy is not a handicap, since there are devices for ensuring that people get such news as they need—invasion beacons, gossip and Word of Mouth. In consumer societies everyone has to read, if only to find out how to open sauce bottles and where to report for military service. Moreover, news implies that something fresh has happened; in non-consumer societies this is always for the worst. In consumer societies news is concerned with the marginal, the deviant, the exceptional; and it ignores the necessary, which becomes increasingly unfashionable.

##### 6. GOVERNMENT BY HAPPINESS

At one time it was only the Americans who believed in happiness. "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"

were America's unalienable rights, rights the English always regarded with suspicion. The British with invincible good sense preferred being moral to being happy, and understood that many of the things that bring happiness are not moral. Moreover happiness is a bonus and not a right; you can't legislate for it. Thus work was moral, while the devil found work for idle hands to do. The Americans, who used goods to increase leisure, we called materialistic. It is noticeable that this complaint has faded in recent years; and the reason is not that America no longer is, but that we now are.

We are in short being sapped at by creeping happiness. We expect above all to be delighted, entertained and amused at whatever cost. According to Dr. Ernest Dichter, the high priest of the consumer society (he is a motivation research expert) the necessity, in a modern society, is to inculcate a fresh, up-to-date hedonism. Puritanism, with all its stuffy attitudes toward work, thrift and morality, is out of date—except for Samoans, who need to work hard—and a new, light-weight morality substituted. This is Instant Happiness. Drip-dry, no-crease, easy to take, Instant Happiness comes in all sizes and to suit all pockets. For that feeling better feeling, that feeling better taste. At all shops. Ask for it by name.

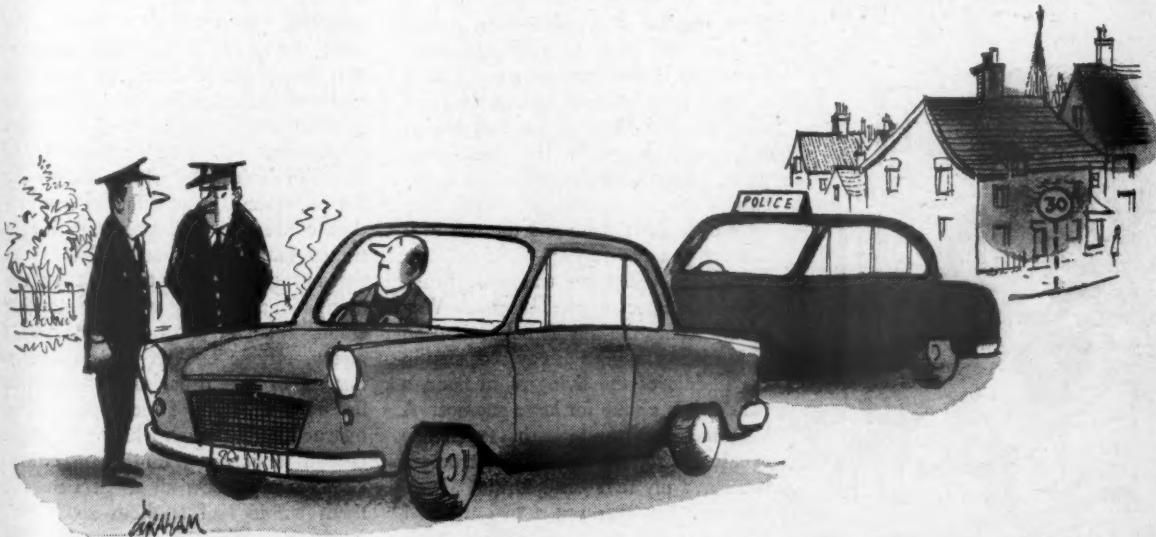
Instant Happiness is entertaining, light and easy to do, involving no energy and no work. Consider, for instance, the change in the meaning of the word *educational*. Once it meant "enriching, elevating, enlarging"; it now means "of little or no entertainment value; fuddy-duddy; square." One of our current problems is to divorce our school and university system from the smear of being educational<sup>1</sup>; our Minister of Education has pointed out that some forms of education are congenitally dreary, and if they can't project a new image, they had better go. Or take another word, *cultural*, which now means "the interests of a small but

vociferous minority group, whose taste must be indulged occasionally."<sup>2</sup> Or consider, finally, a third word, *paternalistic*, one of the dirtiest words of our time. In non-consumer societies "taking a fatherly interest in, trying to guide from the point of view of superior wisdom, taste and authority" is considered desirable. The BBC used to be paternalistic, which meant that there were lots of good programmes on and when you opened the *Radio Times* you could find out what they were. Fortunately an improvement has taken place; the BBC has lowered the standard of programmes, the disc-jockeys assume you are as stupid as they are and now, in new, unpaternalistic *Radio Times* it is impossible to find out without a trained guide what is on radio and television at all.

<sup>1</sup>In America, after the sputnik, it was realized that education was useful after all; and Pat Boone, a teenage idol, ran an article in a magazine saying "It's smart to be smart: The very latest thing I've learned in Teen Time slogans is one I brought back with me recently from a Southern swing. Down yonder the high-school set is saying, 'It's smart to be smart!' . . . You don't have to be from Parentville these days to get the news, and every teenager knows right well what's going on in space, not to mention what's doing on our own personal planet, Earth. . . . That's why it's of tremendous importance for you to meet the challenge as a crowd by making learnin' loveable . . . when the *crowd* decrees that It's Smart to Be Smart, you and I know it's the most effective method to release a new atomic power on the waiting world—the power of all your young minds and high IQ's functioning in high gear."

<sup>2</sup>One should, perhaps, acknowledge the effort that the Revlon Corporation is making on behalf of culture in the United States in its television shows. An executive was quoted in the *New Yorker* only the other week as saying: "We've had a lot of culture on that show, David. A lot of things the intelligentsia would want. Sir John Gielgud, standing in front of a fireplace, with well-dressed, beautiful people around, reciting Shakespeare." In a consumer society, minorities do not go unregarded, even if they are cleverer than everyone else.

Next week: How to be Middle-class



"In that case then, Sarge, our speedometer must be faulty."

## O Pioneers!

By JANE CLAPPERTON

ONE of the things that bemuses me about life in the United States (the other is how they've managed to get along all these years without egg-cups) is the curiously schizoid attitude of manufacturers to their very own dream girl, the American Housewife. There she goes, prancing through the advertisement pages: an alarmingly vital sprite who can whip up a bushel of nauseous bite-size bitlets in less time than it takes to open the packet and who clearly never had a day's illness in her life. And yet a quick, strabismic peep at the aids to modern living with which she is encouraged to cram her split-level home makes one wonder whether all this bouncing health is just a hollow mockery. It's been common knowledge for years that the poor girl can't bend; hence the electric scrubbers, electric polishers and, for all I know, electric tongs for picking up Sunday newspapers, empty Coke bottles, babies and other articles too bulky to be taken care of by the vacuum cleaner. More recently her condition has deteriorated

to the point where she hasn't the strength to open a tin, and has to fall back on the Auto-Magic Kitchen-Mate which is not, as you might think, her husband, but an electric tin-opener which rips the armour off the baked beans, along with any fingers and thumbs you are anxious to dispose of, in a matter of seconds. And now, as God is my witness, the woman can't even clean her own teeth—though indeed why should she when for a mere seventeen dollars and ninety-eight cents, plus tax, she can kit herself out with an electric toothbrush (simply approach the mechanism to those great rotting molars and the wonders of science do the rest).

That's one side of the picture, and if it keeps you awake at night don't blame me. But here comes the catch. This frail, lacklustre being whose muscles have all the tensile strength of damp spaghetti is expected to be able to put a wardrobe together with a mere flick of the wrist. The line taken by furniture manufacturers, aided and abetted by delivery men who hate to carry wardrobes upstairs—as a matter of fact they hate to carry *anything*, preferring if they can get away with it to stack their burdens against the front door and run like mad—is that having presented you with the component parts, impenetrably shrouded in forty-two layers of corrugated board, they have done their share and the rest of it is up to you.

My first and most traumatic brush with this aspect of the American Way of Life came the day I moved into an unfurnished flat and discovered, slap in the middle of the living-room floor, a windowless prefab for large gnomes. A long inelegant tussle with sticky tape eventually revealed that this structure contained my new bed—in bits. Anyone who has ever put a bed together single-handed and without any tools will know that this is the sort of thing that marks you for life. An octopus

could have done it in half the time, but equipped only with the courage of despair and the miserable two hands I was born with the contest was unequal.

It's not much of a game, really. You start by laying the pieces out on the floor, staring at them in a forlorn attempt to rationalise their unpromising appearance and fighting down the dark suspicion that all this junk has nothing whatever to do with beds and is simply what was left over after a gang of drunken amateurs had finished assembling a combine harvester. Attached to one of the girders is a little linen bag which is not meant to open; in the end you set about it with your teeth, and eight screws and a wing-nut fall out and roll under the radiator. Also in the bag is a bit of paper that says: "Assemble frame, taking care that side rails are at side and head and foot rails at head and foot. Tighten wing-nut, *having first adjusted adjustable clamp*. Insert castors in sockets provided (see diag.)." Diag., incidentally, is a nice little drawing of a castor; a bit too representational by current standards, but for somebody who'd never seen one before it would obviously have its uses. But *clamp*... *What clamp*? Why wasn't it in the little linen bag with the rest of the stuff? Or perhaps it was? Then it's still under the radiator. Down we go.

This beastly scene has been re-enacted with minor variations shortly after the arrival of every single piece of furniture I own—chairs, tables, bookcases, the lot. The fan took a particularly heavy toll (Philadelphia summers may be described, if you like euphemism, as sultry, and if you can't afford an air-conditioner you compromise with a gigantic window-fan which nudges the hot air around in an officious manner, thus converting a turkish bath into a turkish bath with a draught). What set the fan apart from the rest of the occupational therapy was that nestling among the cardboard ramparts was a glossy, artistic booklet of instructions instead of the usual three enigmatic lines on a scrap of ricepaper. The instructions, though kindly meant, tended to confuse; for reasons which Freud would know all about I mislaid them within half an hour so I can't quote at length, but one sentence that has stuck in my mind, where it is doing me little good, went like this: "It



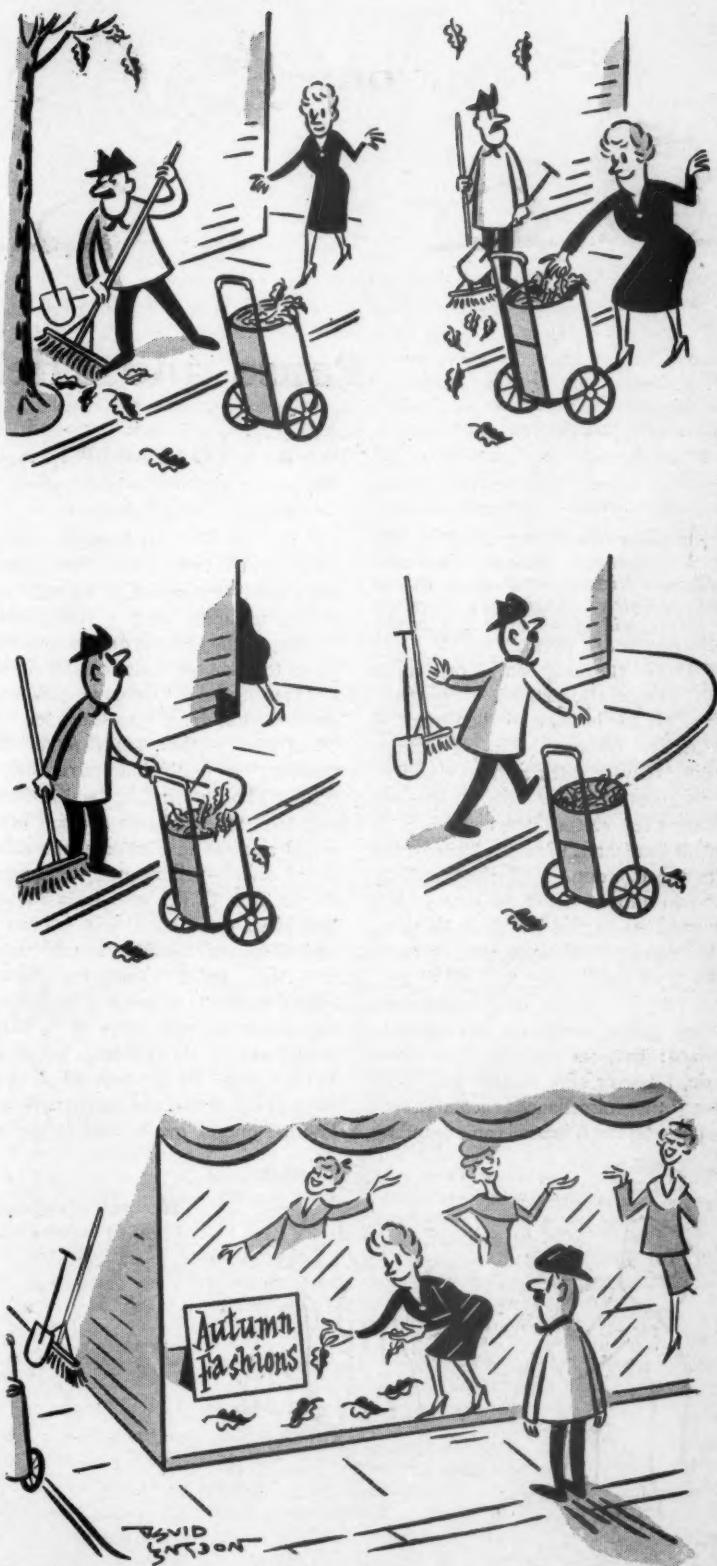
"No I don't want to come up to your room to gloat over some Picassos and Cézannes—whatever they are."

is essential that flange with protruding lip should face away from inside of room."

The whole thing is further bedevilled by the conviction, deeply and irrationally rooted in the feminine psyche, that it's a waste of money to buy expensive tools. The pride of the flimsy collection tangled up in my kitchen drawer is a fiendish invention which offers four tools, none of them satisfactory, for the price of one. It is designed on the Russian Doll principle (a hammer containing a chisel containing a screwdriver containing Old Macdonald and his farm, and so on) and every time you start knocking in a nail the weapon disintegrates and the loose covers are cut to ribbons by flying ironmongery. Using the screwdriver leads to a more subtle form of dissolution; the base of the device slowly but inexorably unscrews itself and the contents quietly leak out one by one and lodge quivering in your instep. The furniture manufacturers, whose spies are everywhere, are clearly aware of this, and the fact that they continue to package their gim-crack products so that they can only be assembled by two strong men with a chain saw and a brace-and-bit has been ascribed by many thoughtful citizens to sheer sadism, if not to Communist infiltration.

Myself, I think they're overcomplicating. As I see it, these tycoons are in it together; the people who make the dishwashers, for instance, are assured of a steady sale because they know perfectly damn well that after erecting an all-steel kitchen cabinet with the aid of adhesive tape, safety pins and a plastic letter-opener no woman is going to be in a fit state to start slaving over a hot sink.

All over America, in buses, on trains, on hoardings, you will see posters depicting a nervous-looking lady gnawing her knuckles, over the following caption: "1 out of 10 of your fellow Americans is emotionally disturbed. Your Understanding Can Help Her To Find Herself." Note the pronouns, that's all I ask, just note them. So: who assembles whole gigantic suites with just a lick of flour-and-water paste? And who is emotionally disturbed? Right. Any more questions? Because if not, here is where one dear old cabinet-maker retires to a darkened room with a jug of Californian Burgundy and gets absolutely stoned.





## Pause and Effect

By TOM GIRTIN

*"Answering the urgent SOS of the clinic's director," writes Frederick Mullally, "Niehans drove at breakneck speed to Montreux stopping only to remove the parathyroid glands of a bull in the slaughterhouse at Clarens."*

**T**HIS stopping only—or, more frequently, pausing only—gambit has become the hall-mark of the rather tiresome man of action. Pausing only to open a drawer and to slip a slim automatic into his pocket, to fling a few clothes into a suitcase, to consult Bradshaw, to seize a sword-cane from the cloisonné umbrella-stand, to summon a hansom cab, he is away like the wind while, like Dr. Paul Niehans, "his younger assistants pant breathlessly after him."

In real life, if my own experiences are any guide, things are less straightforward: drawers stick and no automatic, however slim, would find room among the miscellaneous contents of my pockets, the suitcase is an expanding

one and the rear left-hand ratchet has jammed, the sword-cane has become inextricably entangled in the ribs of a child's umbrella with a parrot's-head handle, all the hansom drivers have gone to protest against taximeter-cabriolets.

"Pausing only to remove jacket and shoes Girton dived into the dock . . ." Thus the *Southampton Echo* in 1929 reported a childhood adventure of mine. The description, though flattering, took absolutely no account of my initial attempt to find someone else to do the diving—a large group of members of the T & GWU who were standing by, when questioned first collectively and then individually, utterly denied that they could swim—nor did the report mention the fact that in removing my jacket (it was more of a blazer, really) one of my cuff-links got caught in the lining. By the time I had ripped my way out of this and had irremediably knotted one of my boot-laces the men

were showing a very natural and explicitly stated impatience at my slowness in diving into the oil-coated water which I at last did, feet first and holding my nose.

For this reason, although I would not for a moment doubt Frederick Mullally—the characters in whose novels pause for nothing before leaping into bed in a rather painful clinch—I have my own doubts about the simplicity of Dr. Niehans's breakneck dash. I can see him with his Hohenzollern-inherited features and a physique of striking nobility striding fastidiously into the reeking slaughterhouse. He cannot but contrast the communal abattoir with the Miracle Clinic where clients like the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are anxiously awaiting him, but this is no time for such thoughts.

*"Ich möchte einiges Nebenschilderungen!" he demands.*

The slaughterer's apprentice stares at him uncomprehendingly and Niehans curses himself for his forgetfulness: of course, this is a French-speaking canton.

*"Je veux des glandes parathyroïdes quelconques."* The translation springs effortlessly to his cosmopolitan lips.

By this time a small crowd of children, a nun wheeling a motor-scooter with five yards of bread sticking out of the saddle-bag, and the village drunkard have gathered, attracted by "the motor-car parked outside the slaughterhouse door, its engine ticking over. The driver sits at the wheel, his left foot resting lightly on the clutch," a practice that is forbidden in the Army Training Manuals.





HARGREAVES

Villagers may tip their hats respectfully—I have Mullally's word for it—as Niehans strides the roads at Burier-Vevey but here in Clarens, where the news has not yet got around that he is a Wonder Doctor, a man who has grafted the anterior lobe of the hypophysis of a calf on to a dwarf, he is just another damfool stranger wanting something silly.

Parathyroid glands? "Ah! par exemple!" The young butcher wipes his hands nervously on his apron and casts a quick furtive glance at the crowd: he has already told Madame Buhot's little girl that there is No Offal to-day and he wants no trouble.

"Marcel!" he calls.

Far off, an uncompromising voice answers him: "Qu'y a-t-il?"

"Un monsieur."

"Je m'occupe." There is a distant corroborative sound of general dismembering against which the assistant calls helplessly "Mais il demande des glandes para . . . para . . ."

"Parapluie," says the drunkard, laughing immoderately and picking at a blister on Niehans's immaculate motor-car.

The apprentice, casting a look around him which gives the medico a clear warning that he will be instantly aware if Niehans pockets any scraps while his back is turned, disappears into the abattoir and "the tall aristocratic man draws on a pair of surgical gloves, his piercing blue eyes flicking over the instruments laid out for him on the sterilised tray." By the time the head butcher has been fetched and the whole request has been carefully reiterated twice, with gestures, he is ready to operate. The doors are flung wide to reveal the hanging rows of slaughtered beefes.

"Profitez-vous," the butcher invites.

"With a speed and deftness which startles even his professional observers the surgeon . . . takes up a multi-bladed knife, reduces each organ in turn to tiny groups of living cells and 'suspends' them in a physiological solution, or serum."

His precious spoil secured he turns to go. As he reaches the door the butcher halts him with a curt "Monsieur!" Impatiently Niehans turns. It is his busy season at the Clinic. "In one sunny room a six-year-old child plays contentedly with a simple toy." Robert Cummings has just left and "as he stepped out the Hindu dancer Ram Gopal signed in." This is no moment for delay.

"?" he interrogates.

"Faut payer. 2 francs 50." Of course Niehans has nothing less than a 100-franc note and because it is the feast day of St. Hippolyte—a purely local celebration for which no stranger is ever prepared—all the shops are closed. By the time one of the children has been despatched to get change from the Café de l'Avenir not only has Niehans lost something of his aristocratic calm but his motor-car is boiling . . .

I am quite prepared to be told that it didn't happen in the least like that. There may be, even, an element of wishful-thinking on my part. But it is only in pausing to indulge in this sort of day-dream that men of inaction ever get their own back.

## THEN AND NOW

*Sir Owen Seaman, Editor of Punch from 1906-1932, was born on Sept. 18, 1861. Every week for over thirty years he contributed a set of highly-polished verses.*

### FAREWELL TO SUMMER

SUMMER, if now at length your time is through,  
And, as occurs with lovers, we must part,  
My poor return for all the debt, your due,  
Is just to say that you may keep my heart;  
Still warm with heat-waves rolling up the sky,  
Its melting tablets mark in mid-September  
Their record of the best three months that I  
Ever remember.

I had almost forgotten how it felt  
Not to awake at dawn to sweltering mirth,  
And hourly modify my ambient belt  
To cope with my emaciated girth;  
It seems that always I have had to stay  
My forehead's moisture with the frequent mopper,  
And found my cheek assume from day to day  
A richer copper.

Strange spells you wrought with your transforming glow!  
O London drabness bathed in lucent heat!  
O Mansions of the late Queen Anne, and O  
Buckingham Palace (also Wimpole Street)!  
O laughing skies traditionally sad!  
O barometric forecasts never "rainy"!  
O balmy days, and noctes, let me add,  
Ambrosiana!

O.S.

September 20, 1911

## In the City



### The Investor's Guide

*To-day the Investor's Guide brings you essential background terms alphabetically arranged for quick reference, with City Page headlines thrown in.*

**Accounts**—Twenty fortnightly and four three-weekly periods into which the Stock Exchange divides the year. But it closes on Bank Holidays.

**Auditors**—Individuals whose remuneration is "fixed" in a highly regular manner.

**Bank Rate**—Device for enabling Chancellors of the Exchequer to play King Canute. City page headline: Shares React to No change.

**Bears**—Pessimistic animals that sell shares in the belief that prices will fall still lower. Known in America as short-sellers. City Page Headline: Bears on the Loose.

**Bottom of Market**—Point at which teller of story bought his shares.

**Brokers**—Members of Stock Exchange who when found will buy and sell shares for public. Brokers cannot advertise.

**Bulls**—People who buy thinking prices will rise, without realising that prices rise because people are buying. This goes on until bears appear. City Page Headline: Bulls in the Afternoon.

**Dividend Cover**—Earnings divided by distributed profits.

**Dividend**—Small cheque received after Chancellor has taken his share and Directors have received their expenses. City Page Headline: Freeze to Continue.

**Financial Journalists**—Bowler-hatted oracles sometimes called pundits.

**Gilt**—A neutered pig. Government securities on which public is as likely to lose money as not. City Page Headline: Slide in Gilts Continues.

**Hedging**—Stock Exchange term for partial loss of confidence.

**Investor**—Man who buys shares following advice of brokers and financial press.

**Jobbers**—Members of Stock Exchange who sell shares to brokers. Jobbers have no contact with the general public. City Page Headline: Hedging by Jobbers.

**Killing**—Sale of shares under conditions where loss is impossible. X certificates only.

**Liquid Assets**—Cash and securities, the things that keep business moving.

**Meeting**, Shareholders—Captive audience for Chairman's annual oration. City Page Headline: Chairman Warns Government.

**Ploughing back**—What happens to earnings of company retained by the management.

**Profit**—Opposite of Loss. City Page Headline: Freeze to be Deeper.

**Portfolio**—A mixed bag of shares.

**Rights Issue**—Cut-price shares which cut price of shares of those who can't afford to buy them.

**Security**—A right to a future benefit, or an obligation to pay a future benefit—depending on point of view.

**Speculator**—Man who buys shares against advice of jobbers and financial press. City Page Headline: Speculators Continue Bullish.

**Stag**—Non-purchasing applicant for new issues. If successful he sells what he hasn't bought. If unsuccessful he doesn't buy it. City Page Headline: Stags at Bay.

## Today's Trends

**Up**—more people are buying more shares in more companies.

**Up**—more people are reading the City pages of the newspapers.

**Up**—more people find themselves baffled by them.

**Stock Exchanges**—These are to be found in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Belfast, Bristol, Cardiff, Leeds, Newcastle, Sheffield, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Swansea, Nottingham, Newport (Mon) and London.

**Take-over bid**—Inducement to shareholders to allow undervalued firm with over-cautious management to be turned into overvalued firm with under-cautious management. City Page Headline: Take-over Accepted.

**Turn**—What the market is said to do when all the forecasts are proved wrong.

**Unit Trust**—Application of miracle of averages to mysteries of shareholding.

— RICHARD BAILEY

## In the Country



### Hedgehogs

USUALLY hedgehogs are seen only when squashed flat on the roads, for they are seldom about in daylight. Although they have pretty good armour, and roll themselves into a ball when in a tight corner, a great many come to grief each year, because there is a knack in unrolling them, and most foxes, badgers, and quite a few dogs are adept at getting the better of them.

All the same, a hedgehog makes a very good pet and is not difficult to feed. Bread and milk is a favourite meal; many cats are done out of their evening saucer of milk by a wild hedgehog which arrives on the scene earlier.

Though hedgehogs think that the best way to spend the winter is sound asleep, they are not true hibernators, for if there is a mild night in the winter they will take a foraging stroll.

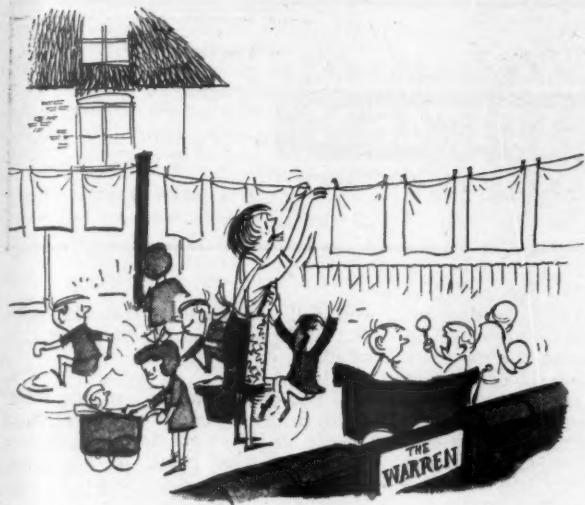
A hedgehog's predilection for milk has led to harsh words by some dairy farmers. They believe that a hedgehog will milk a cow. It is true that hedgehogs may be found practically underneath cows when they are lying down, but there seems little real proof one way or the other. In fact, in the wild, hedgehogs live mainly on insects and no doubt many are drawn to a cow by its warmth.

In the Middle Ages they said that hedgehogs carried apples impaled on their spines. There are drawings to show how it was done. This is a tall story, for the spines are not at right angles to the hedgehog's body. They are supposed to do the same trick with eggs. How to pierce an egg with spines is not described.

Hedgehogs do eat eggs and they are detected because they are messy eaters and get it all over their faces. Usually they eat only broken or cracked eggs; it is unlikely that that they would know how to break a whole egg.

People have been unnecessarily hard on the hedgehog. True, it is one of the few wild animals in this country which can contract foot-and-mouth disease, but even this is not a good reason for persecution, for probably most animals and birds can carry the disease.

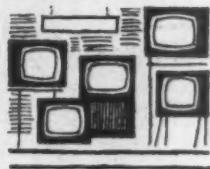
— JOHN GASELEE



## CHEZ VOUS

by GRAHAM





## CRITICISM

### AT THE PLAY

*A Whistle in the Dark* (THEATRE ROYAL, STRATFORD)

*August for the People* (ROYAL COURT)  
*The Taming of the Shrew* (ALDWYCH)

JOHN MURPHY'S *A Whistle in the Dark* is an alarming play. It explodes at curtain-rise like a firework factory and Edward Burnham's direction sustains the brilliant bang-and-flash for two roaring acts. In the third the author's construction falters, and in the end defeats both producer and cast. But the impression is of a lurid light shone on the theatrical sky.

Michael Carney, an Irish roustabout of monumental stupidity and self-esteem, has bred his four sons to the single ideal of physical violence for its own sake:

they are, must be, the Fighting Carneys. He brings them on a boozing, bantling and sponging spree into the Coventry home of the fifth son, a decent but spiritless artisan, where they wreck his house, ruin his marriage, and taunt him with his meekness until even his own wife, desperate for some show of spirit in him, drives him out to join them in a fight with another gang. Up to this point there is every promise of a play. Our expectations of a crowning dénouement are lively. But sheer melodrama supervenes, and after a highly cuttable last act the curtain falls on the sort of agonising injustice which wrings the heart in newspaper columns but only cheats and frustrates on the stage.

Patrick Magee's horrifying brute of a father is an outstanding study of character, and Derren Nesbitt as the leading

cub in the vicious litter rants chillingly. But all do well, and Mr. Burnham best of all.

If you can get to, or into, the Royal Court before the end of this week, when *August for the People* closes, decide first whether you're going to see Nigel Dennis's play or Rex Harrison's performance as Sir Augustus Thwaites. You can't do both. Thwaites gets in the way of the play, and Harrison gets in the way of Thwaites. It seems to me that if this highly personal actor is going to play lunatics in his riper years he should get hold of a play in which he is certifiable throughout: in this one he delights us for the first half with his familiar gaiety, elegance and charm, and shocks us horribly in the second as a ranting, psychopathic boor. If this dreadful metamorphosis were even the point of the play it wouldn't be so bad. But it isn't. The play has nothing to do with character or human predicament in the individual sense. The author has conceived as his theme an exposure of the deceptions practised on the faceless masses by press, propaganda and (to risk the phrase) the upper classes, and chooses to express it through Sir Augustus and his brainstorm of outspokness at a banquet of Stately Home proprietors. The press move in, blow up his observations into a national scandal, and when he tries to retract he finds himself convinced that, after all, he has declared a true revelation, and goes out of his mind in the agony of acceptance. There are other mixed and half-developed themes, but they merely confuse the pattern. Surely a playwright fails if his audience don't know whether they are supposed to laugh or cry? I'm tempted to wonder whether Mr. Dennis is strictly a playwright at all; whether what he has to say would not be better said in print, thus giving us time to think. On the stage he doesn't develop the necessary dramatic compression to project his ideas efficiently through the proscenium arch.

The clowns apart, who are handicapped as usual by the script, all is very swift and neat in the new *Shrew*. Derek Godfrey's deft Petruchio makes an exit after the first dialogue with Kate in which the door seems to open and shut in mid-line, with nothing left of him but the applause. He later whirls her off,



STEPHANIE VOSS as Luisa and JOHN WOOD as Henry Albertson in *The Fantasticks*, at the Apollo

over his shoulder, at a speed which leaves her hair travelling horizontally behind. And when he throws her seven-course dinner off the table a smart slip-field of a serving-man catches the lot, ending with a pitcher over his head, and I'd say the whole scene takes five seconds. Do we underpraise the sheer physical precision of actors? What a pity that no director seems able to get the lead out of the comics' pants and inject some of this quicksilver.

Still, enough. All marginal criticism of this production is overborne by the main burden of the work, elegantly handled by Mr. Godfrey, whose manliness manages to avoid all strut and swagger, and who tempers the violence of action with judicious dips into tenderness; and by Vanessa Redgrave's sweet Katherine. The staging, too, is agreeably fresh. (As the revolve twirls in the new scene the play-within-the-play is kept in our minds by glimpses of the "cast" preparing for their entrances.) I'm not sure that an opening national anthem plaited out on Elizabethan reeds isn't somewhat more comical than anyone intended, but at least it's a change from those rasping old discs. All in all, a worthy addition to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company's repertory.

*Dr. Faustus*, from Edinburgh (reviewed here three weeks ago) has now travelled south to the Old Vic. Paul Daneman fans please note. — J. B. BOOTHROYD

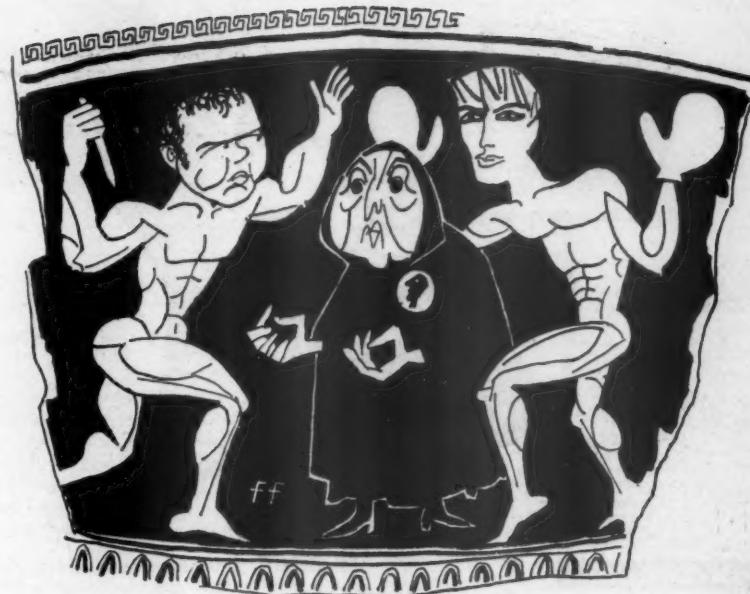
## AT THE PICTURES

### *Rocco and His Brothers* *The Damned and the Daring*

ONE of the problems about criticising a really magnificent picture is that one's instinct is not to describe it but to argue about it; not about whether it is, as someone has described it, "certainly not a masterpiece," but whether the central character is too saintly to be credible, or whether his renunciation of his girl makes sense, or whether the censors have damaged the picture in their cutting; and also about how it compares with other work by the same man. The actual task of description seems unnecessary and impertinent, and that of evaluation even more so. Still . . .

*Rocco and His Brothers* (Director: Luchino Visconti) describes the arrival of a totally impoverished rural family from the South in an industrial city of the North, Milan, and their efforts to come to terms with its values and its effects upon them.

The family consists of an arrogant, excitable, all-dramatising mother (Katina Paxinou) and her five sons. During the few years which the film covers, the eldest and most malleable settles in, marries and becomes an urban citizen on an unambitious scale; numbers two and three turn out to be very promising boxers and go respectively to the bad



RENATO SALVATORI as Simone, KATINA PAXINOU as Rosaria and ALAIN DELON as Rocco in *Rocco and His Brothers*

and good; number four becomes a skilled mechanic and a bit priggish and number five continues to grow up. Though the names of each brother flash on to the screen momentarily, dividing the film into five sections, the meat of the story lies in the boxing brothers' relationships with a whore (at a guess a cut above their station) the elder striving to possess her and the younger to give her the feel of an honest world in which she could live differently.

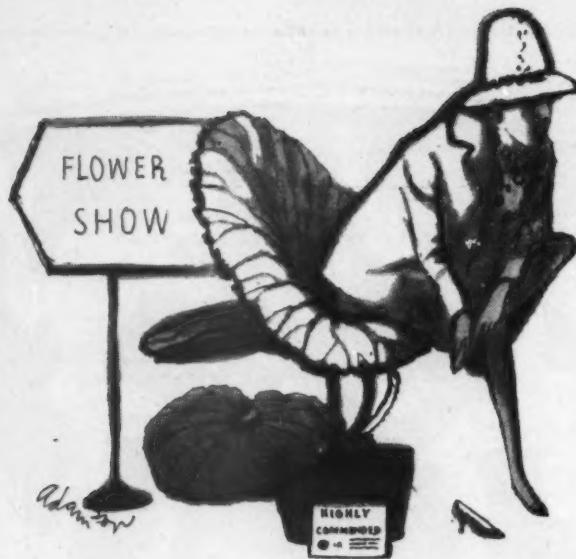
This plot is simple compared, say, to that of an average ninety-minute thriller; but Visconti's treatment allows it to generate such pace and drive that it fills three hours (with an interval) and still leaves one feeling that one would like to know more about the unstated ramifications of character. From the ominous arrival on the smoky emptiness of the Milan station platform, with nobody to meet them, almost every instant portrays real people enduring the life they must—not stars going through the arranged convolutions that somebody is sure will fill the till in the box office.

I say "almost," for there are moments of doubt. The boxing brothers seem to make their splendid KOs with a lightning right hook that puts the opponent down for the count, bonk, without his having been seriously tired or weakened in earlier rounds. And, much more important, even in the grip of the film I could not accept the good brother's renunciation of the girl to the bad one; he may have been saintly enough to do this to himself, but what about her? On

a different level, even if I had not known I think I would have detected a slight softening of intensity, an unwillingness to let the full consequences of a disastrous situation be worked out before the cameras, at the points where the censors have been fiddling. It's a pity.

Anyway, go and see it. It certainly is a masterpiece, to my mind; much more so than Visconti's *Il Terra Trema* to which I referred passingly last week. Though that was visually much more beautiful the plot turned on one young man of no special personality having a lot of bad luck; but in *Rocco and His Brothers* the story is about the gradual effect of one set of circumstances in changing the characters of the people involved. Renato Salvatori's portrayal of the degeneration, almost to a stupor, of the bad brother is the most striking example, but they all alter as they endure.

No one else seems to have thought anything of *The Damned and the Daring*, under which inane title *Les Loups dans la Bergerie* (Director: Herve Bromberger) is being shown in England. It is a thriller on the standard plot of escaping crooks holding a household in thrall, but here the household is an isolated experimental home for delinquents. It is absurd in places—the crooks are fantastically good shots for the first three-quarters of the film, but then can hardly hit anything—but once you let yourself get enmeshed in this sort of standard situation you do find it genuinely exciting. I did. — PETER DICKINSON



### ON THE AIR

#### Anybody for Tenets?

IT is good to have the *Brains Trust* back. It is good to be reminded once a week that television can, when pressed, find uses for literacy and cerebration, that the future of the magic box does not lie wholly in the hands of the entertainment industries. I am aware, of course, that the *Brains Trust* is by no means everybody's meat: many people, even intellectual carnivores, complain that the programme is unappetising, suet, stodgy and repetitive. There is not enough time, they say, to do more than skate dangerously and misleadingly over the major matters raised by question and answer; the proceedings, under the matronly eye of Norman Fisher, are too polite, too goody-goody to carry conviction; the regular members of the panel are like weary pedagogues, interested only in the IQ of the LCM; and the guest brains are concerned solely with their batting averages and their attempts to hit the regulars for six over the heads of the populace.

Well, there may be something in this criticism. There are times when absorbing and highly important topics are cut off in full flow, and rather too frequently panelists reject the obvious—which would be educationally useful—in favour of an impressively erudite flight into penumbral matters of concern to experts only. It is of course extremely difficult to plan the level of *Brains Trust* discussions to hit whatever is considered an ideal audience, and on the whole I think the producers manage very well.

My *Brains Trust* would assume that thinking types are already catered for pretty well by the printed word and perhaps by the Third Programme, and that a ten-minute chat on any subject is likely to leave such people emptily

dissatisfied. I would aim rather at the millions who lack experience of philosophical disputation and are unfamiliar with the missionary paternalism of the best teachers. And I would follow this course even though it would invite rough treatment from eggheads and tetchy newspaper critics.

It was stimulating to hear Lady Jackson (Barbara Ward), Kenneth Kaunda and others on the colour bar, African nationalism and kindred topics: but here I would have welcomed a more fundamental approach to the consideration of the new democracy. Ordinary British people, pickled in platform oratory, cannot be expected to make much of such concepts as transitional democracy and the superfluousness of institutional opposition parties. I maintain that this subject was important enough to carry the whole programme, that the discussion should have been preceded by definition and exposition at an elementary level, and that it should not have been abandoned without an authoritative summing-up.

Equally firmly I hold that Dr. Bronowski should have been challenged (the following week, this) when he stated with devastating finality that because scientists are not qualified to assess the social and political results of their discoveries they should always publish or be damned. This remark, I suspect, emerged as the philosophical end-product of years of mental stocktaking in this field, and the good doctor may well be right. But I happen to think otherwise, and I regret that the problem

### COVERING PUNCH

This exhibition of artists' originals of *Punch* covers is at Brighton Art Gallery and Museum until October 8.

was not tackled on a less oracular plane. Would Rutherford have been morally right to publish in the belief that the world had a fifty-fifty chance of abusing his discovery? Sixty-forty? Ninety-nine to one?

As I should have said at the beginning, the great merit of the *Brains Trust* is that it gets people talking *themselves*—long after the brains have drunk up and gone home. — BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

### AT THE GALLERY

#### Max Ernst

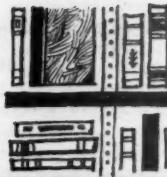
MAX ERNST, the veteran shock painter, whose exhibition consists of two hundred items, was born in 1891 and is alive to-day. He appears to have had from the start a certain skill in conventional representational painting, but no great gift for line or colour. Nor do I sense that enchantment with life or reverence for it which is the hall-mark of most great artists, even those whose imagination like that of Ernst inclines to the macabre.

Whether conscious of this failing or not, Max Ernst's main effort seems to have been to astonish, largely by choice of subject, but, in addition, at times by juxtaposition of conflicting styles, such as placing linear drawing and highly modelled painting overlapping each other on the same canvas. To achieve his aim no whim of his imagination has been neglected, with results that are often repulsive, or a little sinister or trivial. For an example of the first may be taken (No. 127) "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," which depicts a writhing mass of half reptilian females, described in the catalogue: "Max Ernst here draws full advantage between the idyllic tenderness of the early morning mists and the sinister orgy conducted by this ghoulish assembly." Again "The Angel of Hearth and House" is an interpretation of the timeworn theme of hung-out washing dancing in the wind. The Ernst touch here lies in the introduction among the draperies of a loathsome head and clawlike hands. It is possible that de Chirico and Picasso have both at times borrowed subjects from Ernst but in both cases the execution has been lighter in touch. Freud, still fashionable, and fashionable satiety with impressionism and the world around us have combined to restore fantasy to favour; hence this exhibition. (Closing Oct. 15).

At the Minories, Colchester (a delightful house endowed as a museum and opened in 1958), is an exhibition of the Camden Town Group which started in 1911, and consisted of most of the enlightened painters of the day; Sickert, Gore, Lucien Pissarro, Bevan, Duncan Grant, Augustus John and others are all well represented, and in addition two sea pieces by J. D. Innes make the journey well worth while. (Closes end of Sept.).

— ADRIAN DAINTREY

# Booking Office



## THE PORTUGUESE

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

**Oldest Ally.** Peter Fryer and Patricia Pinheiro. *Dobson, 25/-*

**Portugal and Its Empire: The Truth.** Antonio de Figueiredo. *Gollancz, 18/-*

**T**WO strongly anti-Salazar books about Portugal. Mr. Fryer and Miss Pinheiro's volume is half travel book, half political criticism. The travel parts—the pictures of Portuguese life which, politics apart, they find in many ways very attractive—are wholly admirable. There are only two strange omissions. It is curious to give a picture of Portuguese life which makes no mention of sport—whether it be football or the peculiar Portuguese bullfight, which tells us so much about the differences between the Portuguese and the Spanish characters, and it is curious to give a picture of Portuguese religion which does not mention Fatima. As for the political commentary it is, as I say, savagely anti-Salazar. One cannot complain of that. On one or two points of detail one might be tempted to take the authors up. There was, for instance, a real problem of erosion and there was more to be said for the Government's policy of reafforestation, unpopular as it was, than one would guess from this book. Again the authors are perhaps a little too fond of peppering their judgments with bits of generalised gossip. Thus "we were told that the betrayal of confessional secrets has been the cause of many imprisonments." To anyone at all acquainted with the Portuguese habits of scandal-mongering an accusation as vague as this does not get us very much further. Doubtless they were so told. But on what evidence and was it true? Indeed it is curious that, though in both these books, the authors allow themselves from time to time the usual anti-clerical gibes that are the stock in trade of left-wing writers in Latin countries, all the ecclesiastics who are actually quoted, the Bishops of Oporto, Evora and Beira, the Vicar-General in Angola, are quoted as strong critics of the régime.

The snippets of gossip are, I think, a pity because they weaken rather than strengthen the authors' case. The case is in itself substantiated—that Portugal is a land of desperate poverty, of grossly unequal incomes, a police state and a state without liberty, of torture and imprisonment without trial. This is proved up to the hilt and it is what matters. Nor is there any attempt to deny that it is much easier to say that Portugal has a bad government than to say how it is going to get a good one. The authors make no attempt to conceal the chaos and corruption that were

rife under the pre-Salazar Parliamentary régime nor to belittle the difficulty of saying what régime is likely to take Salazar's place.

Senhor de Figueiredo's point of view is substantially the same as that of Mr. Fryer and Miss Pinheiro. Only, while their experience is of metropolitan Portugal, Senhor Figueiredo's experience has been predominantly of the colonies. It is of them that he writes in most detail and with most authority. His analysis of the situation in Angola is particularly valuable. There was plenty of unrest in Angola before the recent risings but that unrest was not predominantly racial. The races mixed together more easily than in other European colonies. The grievances were grievances of all Angolans—white, black and mixed—against the incompetence and corruption of the Lisbon Government. It is only the "wind of change," blowing in particular from the Congo, which has given the present risings their racialist character and caused blacks to turn their hands against the poor whites, with whom they had previously lived in comparative amity and who were in no way responsible for the evils of the régime.

## NEW NOVELS

**The Furnished Room.** Laura Del-Rivo. *New Authors Limited, 16/-*

**Hippodile.** Ronald Leavis. *Heinemann, 16/-*

**The Custom House.** Francis King. *Longmans, 18/-*

**Rabbit, Run.** John Updike. *André Deutsch, 16/-*

**S**OONER or later somebody is going to blow contemporary fiction sky-high with a Soviet-type celebration of the positive, the constructive and the hard. We may sigh, as we read the new *Westward Ho!*, for such qualities as sensitivity, delicacy and sympathy with failure; but we are overdue for a change. All the four novels this week contain

some good descriptive writing and are far more carefully built than the average novel of half a century ago. They all have very real virtues and not one is a bore. But is there really anything new for novelists to say about failures? They are still, thank heavens, a very small minority of the human race and not, on the whole, productive of art or science or anything else. Merely by sitting down and getting a novel into print, the novelist has proved that he is not one of them, though he often writes indulgently as of himself.

*The Furnished Room* is about a man who lives sedily, thinks intermittently and ends by committing a crime. The prose is direct and rapid and the various cheap cafés and deficient plumbing systems are efficiently described. As far as this kind of novel goes, this is a good specimen. One does feel that the choices before the protagonist matter. However, Joe is sustained by a vast army of doctors and engineers and ploughmen and bricklayers off-stage; but is the parasite necessarily more interesting than the host?

In *Hippodile* the failure is a commercial traveller in Central Africa. He has an affair with an educated African girl who has known the intellectual emancipation of life at a British University and returned home hoping to write a thesis on anthropology, only to find herself



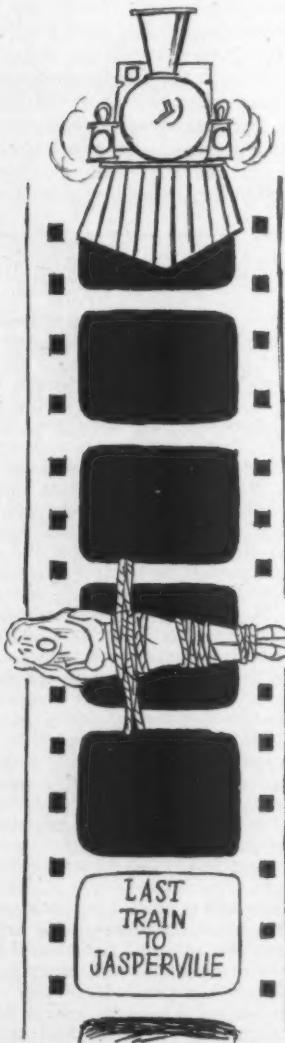
simply another non-white. Mr. Leavis has a good narrative swing and his picture of the place and the people is convincing. But neither the vigour of African nationalism nor the vigour of white development really attract his attention, which remains concentrated on the inadequacies of his hero.

*The Custom House* is about Japan, a country that has come out badly in English fiction since the days when it had the fragile charm of remoteness. It is a very professional picture of a society in rapid evolution. There are a large number of characters carefully disposed at strategic points and something interesting is always happening. I found it

the most sympathetic of these novels because its criticisms were the most whole-hearted. By alternating first and third person narrative, Mr. King produces a stereoscopic effect. The narrator is a teacher of English at a University; there are some American missionaries, a Japanese tycoon, artists (European and Asiatic) an embittered student, a show-girl and a semi-westernised New Woman. Events include an assassination, a murder, an art show and a picnic. The novel would gain from tautening and shortening. But it suffers from the fashion for measuring the distance between intention and achievement to discredit intention rather than praise achievement.

*Rabbit, Run* is about a man in Pennsylvania who cannot accept responsibility and runs out on his wife and his mistress. From time to time old friends, a parson, his family and his wife's family argue or criticise or try to help. This poor fish moves about an America that is vividly described in prose that is well above the average in the novel of pity. The sexual detail, abundant and depressing, makes this about the least pornographic novel I have read since *Black Beauty*. Any corruption is likely to be in the direction of rendering its readers impotent. However, its free publication makes nonsense of the *Lady Chatterley* prosecution.

— R. G. G. PRICE



## POLITICAL ANIMALS

**The Memoirs of Chateaubriand.** Edited and translated by Robert Baldick. Hamish Hamilton, 35/-

**Democratic Despot. A Life of Napoleon III.** T. A. B. Corley. Barrie and Rockliff, 42/-

"My greatness was such as to make my face known wherever I went." The words would have suited Napoleon; in fact they were written by the French Ambassador to London, and the Ambassador was François-René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, who accepted Napoleon as his only possible equal. Chateaubriand was among the most sublime egoists of all time (his extraordinary self-adulation recalls that of Hugo), and his *Memoirs* are nothing if not a proof of the fact. But in the eyes of posterity he also remains remarkable. He was born in 1768, he died some eighty years later, and he lived a life of astonishing fullness and contrasts. He hunted with Louis XVI and dined with Washington, he camped with Iroquois Indians and fought with emigrant aristocrats, he taught Italian to a clergyman's daughter in Bungay, and he was worshipped by Mme Récamier, he was a top-rank diplomat (at one point he was the Minister of Foreign Affairs) and, most important of all, he was *le père du romantisme*. It was as an exile in England, pacing Kensington Gardens, "that, reading over the diary of my travels beyond the sea, I drew from it the loves of *Atala*; it was here, too, that I jotted down in pencil the first sketch of the passions of René." It is odd to think that a few yards from the statue of Peter Pan the *mal du siècle* or *mal de René* was born. Chateaubriand's *Memoirs* are a monument to his multi-coloured life and phenomenal character; and Dr. Baldick has introduced them well and translated them impeccably.

Napoléon le Petit, reviled by Victor Hugo, admired by Queen Victoria, mistrusted by Palmerston, was described by Walter Bagehot, on his death, as "perhaps the most reflective and *insighted*, not far-sighted, of the modern

statesmen of France." In the eighty-eight years since he died in exile at Chislehurst, Napoleon III has remained a baffling and a controversial figure; but there are signs that modern historians are coming to share Bagehot's admiration. The "democratic despot," as he called him, had certain qualities which anticipated those of de Gaulle: he had remarkable diplomatic gifts, a mystic sense of mission, and a passionate desire to promote France to the status of a first-class Power.

Mr. Corley, I think, is much too kind to Eugénie de Montijo; he makes too little of Napoleon III's *mariage manqué*. He "cannot regret" that the Emperor failed to marry Mathilde Bonaparte; yet one is still convinced that her intelligence, her common sense, her love of the arts, and her militant, devoted patriotism would have served him well, and I am

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still tempted to believe her comment that if she had been Empress, France would not have lost Alsace and Lorraine. I should also have liked more consideration of social and cultural life during the "democratic despot's" reign. These criticisms apart, I am grateful to Mr. Corley for an enlightened study; though he does not include new material, though he does not write with style, he shows dependable understanding and plausible conviction. He suggests that Napoléon le Petit was not so small. (Incidentally, the photographs of Paris during the Second Empire have a touching eloquence.) — JOANNA RICHARDSON

#### BEFORE THE BLITZ

**The Phoney War.** E. S. Turner. *Michael Joseph, 21/-*

Who but Mr. Turner would think of tracing the opening stages of World War II through the *Psychic News*? Who else would know that on the eve of war the BBC broadcast "Ain't it grand to be blooming well dead"? or that in the sterner mood that followed Dunkirk the manufacture of indoor fireworks, including serpents' eggs, was banned? He is concerned with the Home Front in roughly the first year of the war and he piles up his fascinating detail with deadpan clarity.

This is a very funny book; but it is also by implication a treatise on the art of politics, on the relationship between governors and governed. Some of the futile gestures made by Whitehall in an effort to get into maty rapport with the citizen are unbelievable, like the Ministry of Food headline "A Grand Use for Stale Bread." Maintaining a perfect balance, aware of the tragedy in the background while amused by the farce in the foreground, Mr. Turner can, when he likes, as in the chapter on evacuation, display an elegant savagery.

— R. G. G. PRICE

#### TO THE TOP

**Karakoram. The Ascent of Gasherbrum IV.** Fosco Maraini. Translated by James Cadell. *Hutchinson, 60/-*

Very much more than a mere record of the successful Italian attack on this great peak, at 26,180 feet one of the "Big Five" of the North-Western Himalayas. Signor Maraini, linguist, scholar,

mountaineer and author who at forty-six not only made over 23,000 feet of the climb himself but retained enough surplus energy to take three thousand fantastically good photographs, has written a brilliant piece of description of the Balti people and the top of their wild, inhospitable land where "everything inanimate had the stark bleakness of the stars themselves: everything human was rough and rude and tremendously male."

Side by side with the factual and detailed record of the climb is a penetrating analysis of the author's and his companions' reactions to this immensity, plus informed and illuminating comment on the previous history of the area, its toponymy, peoples and languages. Highlight, the brilliantly evocative language—

note the author's 400 words on simply the name "K2" which I particularly envy him; only criticism—the colour photographs, of strikingly high quality as they are, would have been more natural in appearance if taken by a negative and print process rather than by printing from a positive transparency.

— JOHN DURRANT

#### COLDEST KING IN EUROPE

**My Dearest Uncle. Leopold I of the Belgians.** Joanna Richardson. *Cape, 25/-*

"To be a Majesty, to be a cousin of Sovereigns, to marry a Bourbon for diplomatic ends, to correspond with the Queen of England, to be very stiff and very punctual, to found a dynasty, to bore ambassadress into fits, to live, on the highest pinnacle, an exemplary life devoted to the public service—such were his objects, and such, in fact, were his achievements." So Lytton Strachey described the hero of Miss Richardson's latest biography, though it is doubtful whether she would agree with this cold appraisement. (In the long bibliography annexed to the volume, Strachey's name, rather oddly, does not occur.)

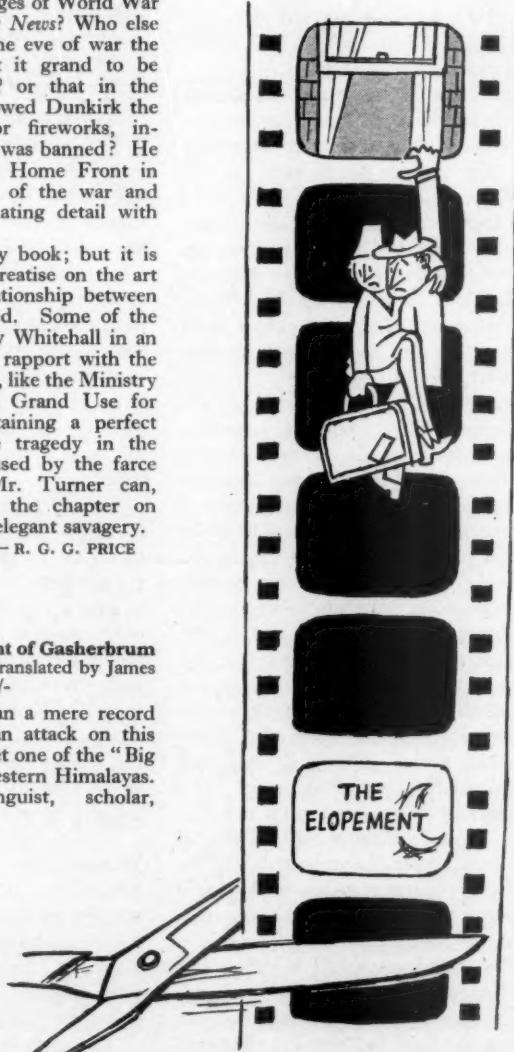
Miss Richardson tells a tangled and highly complicated story very skilfully, threading her way easily among the ramified connections of the House of Coburg. She is much concerned, rightly in this case, with costume and court mourning. She writes in the tradition of romantic biography—but always with acuteness. As she reminds us, this coldest King in Europe was profoundly in love at least once in his life. His first marriage, to George IV's daughter, Princess Charlotte, was a true romance, and if Charlotte had not died in childbirth, she would have been Queen of England and Leopold would have been Prince Consort. Instead, with the aid of his invaluable counsellor, Baron Stockmar, he did the next best thing, by marrying his nephew Albert to his niece Victoria. He may have bored ambassadress but his life and schemes, as related here, make entertaining reading.

— PHILIP HENGIST

#### TWO PICKS

**The Pick of Punch.** Ed. Bernard Hollowood. *Barker, 21/-*. This year's pick preserves as ever all that is most preservable from the past twelve months of *Punch*, in a volume that will be a credit to the most fastidious shelf. Besides the regulars, note the injection of names like Kingsley Amis, Richard Gordon, Peter Mayne.

**Punch with Wings.** Ed. David Langdon. *Barker, 16/-*. In theory a comic pictorial history of the RAF, in practice a diverting commentary on flying as *Punch* has seen it since 1843. The interest is not for flying-fans only; the selection of drawings has been made with uncommon discrimination. All profits to the RAF Benevolent Fund.






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 FOR WOMEN
 

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## Married Men—Will They Ever Die Out?

THE married man is the bane of the single girl. He belongs to a particularly predatory and cunning species that preys upon the unsuspecting, unprotected female. (Very few of us, in fact, get safely through to matrimony unscathed.)

The main trouble is that the married man in full cry is often so much more attractive than the single one. He has to be, of course. After all, he is not in it for amusement, he is in it for real profit. He has no time to waste and everything to lose. And he knows so well the incalculable value of the tender word, the unexpected considerateness.

However boorish the Married Man may be at his own hearthside, he is all thoughtfulness when on safari for big game at, say, a cocktail party. Note the quick "Here, let me hold that heavy ashtray" of the man who can sit unperturbed while his wife staggers past him with a loaded coal scuttle.

Scrabbling for his next toe-hold after the ashtray ploy, he may use one of the banal but successful follow-ups, such as, "You are that rare combination, a stimulating conversationalist and a sympathetic listener." Compared with the arrogant, take-me-or-leave-me-for-the-next-lucky-girl attitude of the bachelor, this is fairly heady stuff.

When it is time to go, the M.M. sends his wife upstairs to fetch her wrap, gives his victim's hand a quick, furtive pressure, and murmurs, "I must see you again. May I ring you?"

This is the point of no return. Clearly, what the victim should do is smile and say briskly, "That would be

nice. I'd love to see you and your wife again," but it is surprising how rarely this happens.

Still smarting from the bachelors' disdain and flattered by the urgency in the eyes of this absolutely charming man, she is more apt to murmur her telephone number. Some have even been known to rummage in their handbags for pencil and paper but these are girls who cannot wait for fate to make the decisions, rather older girls, perhaps, who know that their only chance is to catch some man on the second time around.

Once the M.M. has secured the telephone number he has scored a tactical advantage. By surrendering it, in a low voice which her hostess cannot hear, she has revealed her willingness to go on to the next stage. She fully intends that the next stage will be the last. A pleasant dinner somewhere, good food in amusing company, an intelligent choice of wines and words, perhaps a nudge of a knee under the table or a brushing of fingers on the tablecloth. Afterwards, a handclasp, or perhaps a kiss on the cheek, then home alone in a taxi, feeling dreamy and warm and pleasantly desirable.

Naturally it does not turn out like this. There is, if not a sordid fight, an argument, unless her particular M.M. is one of the more patient ones who is prepared to wait until a third meeting before cornering the victim for a kill.

The chosen restaurant is inclined to be somewhere rather dark and unfashionable, where the waiters are known for their indifference. My own sister was once persuaded into going to

the theatre and on to dinner with an M.M. Whether or not she was trembling on the brink of an indiscretion I do not know but whatever romantic and foolhardy notions she may have been harbouring died a quiet death when, during every interval of the play and afterwards as they dined and danced, her M.M. insisted on wearing dark glasses.

The M.M. is especially dangerous because he knows what pleases a woman and what does not. He is aware, for instance, that to comment on her dress, even unfavourably, is infinitely better policy than to ignore it. A most successful M.M. who is shared by two very dear friends of mine is fond of saying things like, "I wonder if that style will ever come back into fashion," and "Those Tate and Lyle sugar bags do make up remarkably well, don't they?" and "I must say this new Holloway uniform is very serviceable."

The victim is not used to the solicitude of the M.M. For years she has been shivering on wind-raked rugger pitches and crossing roads all by herself and drinking beer out of chipped mugs. She has become resigned to the expected date who never arrives, the promised phone call that never comes, the three-weeks-late birthday card, the casual escort who meets the boys and forgets that he came in with a girl. So the compliments of the M.M. fall upon fertile ground, and often bear fruit.

But the deadliest of the species is the ex-M.M., or the semi-ex-M.M. This carnivore has the polish, the know-how, the gambling fever and the set-up.

The ex-M.M. is never short of a quick answer. Find a hair-pin on his pillow and he will exclaim, "Damn that slovenly cleaning woman. She'll have to go!" Discover an ear-ring down his armchair and he will say sadly. "So that's what happened to it. I gave them to my wife just before she left me. She flung them in my face."

The ex-M.M.'s ex-wife is a shrew. Whereas the M.M. has to restrain himself to "We don't hate each other, we just go our separate ways" or even the still-popular "She doesn't understand me," the ex-M.M., having successfully disposed of his, can paint her any colour he likes.

The ex-wife is invariably a spendthrift, a nagger, an iceberg, a fiend. She

has left the ex-M.M. just disillusioned enough to be a challenge, yet not beyond saving by a beautiful emotional experience.

The M.M. has only one advantage over the more resourceful ex-M.M. The M.M.'s wife is excellent protection. "My wife and I are through but we stay together because of the boy. Whatever happens, he mustn't suffer," murmured in a grave voice and delivered with a candid look provides him with a handy escape route.

The ex-M.M. may have to fall back on a sudden business trip abroad, or even an unexpected plea from a humble wife who wants to "try again." This is much less convenient, for business trips cannot last for ever and make-believe reconciliations are a strain on the imagination.

Although the pace is gruelling and the risk enormous, the M.M. often remains active well into his sixties. He becomes, if anything, more deadly as he matures. It must be the practice.

— SALLY HURST



"Right up until I got to the riding school I kept thinking it was Tuesday."

## The Watcher in the Hearth

I CAN'T think of a better way of wasting time than hanging over a wood fire. It is the perfect hobby for the mental doodler, the poet, the lover and anyone with a touch of pleasurable melancholy. Flames and imagination feed together—symbiotic pals. Impossible to relax with a wood fire. There is always some levering-up, some knocking together, as well as digging live splinters out of the carpet. All this, of course, when the fire has finally decided to live. A book could be written about the laying of fires I suppose. Nothing excites more derision between the sexes. The male preference is for the Burning Ghat edifice on a foundation of screwed paper and split kindling—occasionally one recognises a seedbox that has met an untimely end. Thereafter a judicious use of bellows and Heavens knows what patience. But every woman knows that nothing beats the Tepee or lean-to structure built on wood-wool and old date boxes, a few crumbly withy baskets and here and there tight rolled cigarettes. Even if it fills the house with grey cornflakes.

From November onwards we smell of Harris tweed and the Snowcem takes on toffee streaks as doubtless do our lungs. Home knitteds sent out to the family bear the authentic tang of home. None genuine without it.

With our great new hearth before us and years of electric fires behind, my husband did not hesitate. Exultantly, secretly (he's like that) he drew an affair on an envelope and made for the smithy. A crimsoning smith later bore in something large enough to barbecue a sheep—a ribbed Iron Virgin with bars seldom seen outside Old Newgate. I knew at a glance that the consumption would be about a hundredweight of logs an hour. In theory the wet ones are packed at the sides to dry. In practice the wee fire munching away in the middle sends out fingers on either side and, as a gardener would say, strikes. Throughout the evening we do a marathon to the back of the house where a Northwester lifts the scalp. No one has ever devised a log basket stout enough, large enough and still portable to hold the loads we tote. So

we are back to paper-baskets and profanity.

Our wood seems to have been scavenged from Wuthering Heights, being alive with a rich native flora of lichen, ivy, moss, hart's tongue as well as the lesser fauna which pelts away into the dark corners of the room. One yellow chunk there is that we prize above ambergris. It is pitch-pine, a tonic for any tetchy fire suffering from a touch of the wrong wind. It releases a foam of amber, sends up Very lights and for a mad half-hour transforms our hearth into a temple of Zoroaster—the flames reflected outside in the night sea like flaming fountains of the Festival of Britain.

— STELLA CORSO



### The Status-Seekers

"At the annual meeting of the Burgess Hill Stamp Club at the Central Hall on July 11 a membership of 50 was reported and it was decided that, in view of its increased importance, the club should be re-named the Burgess Hill Philatelic Society." *Mid-Sussex Times*



## TOBY COMPETITIONS

**T**OBY Competitions are going on holiday. For a few weeks—depending on readers' reactions—this page will be taken over by "**FIRST APPEARANCE**," three columns open to contributors who are not professional writers and have not appeared in *Punch* before. They can offer short articles, verses, anecdotes or miscellaneous fragments. A genuine personal experience, briefly told, is likely to be more acceptable than a fantasy: it is not possible in the space available to aim at the type of material used elsewhere in the magazine. Published contributions will be paid for at usual rates. **MAXIMUM 300 WORDS AND SHORTER LENGTHS WELCOMED.** The first selection will appear on October 11. Material for this issue should reach us by Wednesday, September 27, addressed to "**FIRST APPEARANCE**," *Punch*, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

**Report on Competition No. 181: Now Read on**

This proved a difficult assignment. Competitors were asked to submit a story linking three *Times* advertisements—a Sultan's cigarette-case for sale, a *cri de cœur* for £500 from a convalescing schoolmaster, and a job wanted by a secretary bored with life in a Stately Home. There was, perhaps, scarcely enough room for manoeuvre in the permitted length to work out a convincing drama.

The winner was:

D. H. TORNEY  
07 COLLINGWOOD HOUSE  
DOLPHIN SQUARE  
SW1



Gladys Biggs, beautiful young secretary to the Duke of Bayswater, tires of conducting visitors up and down the Stately Home of an employer she has never seen. She longs to travel, only her growing love for a handsome, recently met schoolmaster deters her. He tells her that, because of illness, he needs £500, and impulsively she gives him a Mohammedan gold cigarette-case presented to the Duke's father. Later, she is summoned to the ducal presence. Discovery? Disgrace? Tremulously, she enters, and sees only—the schoolmaster! "Yes, I am the Duke. I was searching for one who wants me, not my title. You, Gladys, are she." He laughs, tenderly. "See, your engagement-ring—bought from the sale of the Mohammedan case!"

Following are the runners-up:

M. Cridecoeur, a past master, has been charged with the theft of a gold Mohammedan cigarette case worth £500 from the Sultan of Turkey's friend's son. "I sorely needed the money," he confessed, "to enable me to resume teaching. I saw the ad. in *The Times* just above mine." Sultan of Turkey's friend's son quipped: "Good job my Secretary didn't get any answers to that damfool ad. of his in *The Times* or he would not have caught the criminal red-handed in my Stately Home. I'm afraid my secretary will be more bored than ever now," he added.

Andrée Sommerard, 37 Chalkwell Park  
Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex

A pretty young secretary is torn between love for her employer, a kindly, but unfortunately middle-aged and married earl, and love for impecunious young local schoolmaster, recovering from long illness caused by overwork on strike committees. Secretary points out to earl that a divorce court scandal might disastrously diminish his Stately Home takings. He, however, contends that it would treble them at least. At last, after an affecting renunciation scene in the Old Armoury, they part. He, with a superbly magnanimous gesture, presents her with a valuable Mohammedan Gold Cigarette Case, well knowing that the proceeds, when it is sold at Christeby's, will enable her and her schoolmaster lover to be married. Schoolmaster sails with his bride to take up teaching post, appropriately enough, in Turkey.

*Martin Fagg, 22 Pinewood Road, Bromley,  
Kent.*

The Master finishes fasting. Converted French disciple, Cri, appeals through top columns for £500—enabling them to pursue teachings in Asia against giving gifts to Europeans. Fallen upon lean Colonial times, Mustapha Comyn-Marquet forced to sell presentation to father (F.M. and Earl—son named in gratitude) on behalf of all Turks for rôle in Dardanelles Campaign. Unity tires of doubling secretary/trampolinist at Woburn, hears of Cri's intended trip. In well-bred way she appeals: "Take me along."

Twist: The Master (he always wanted one) buys Mohammedan cigarette-case with the £500. Cri—disillusioned—goes to work for Mustapha, who has secured Woburn trampoline concession from sale proceeds. Unity takes up Canaveral space probing—only profession for which qualified

Charlie Rainbow, 27 Moores, Gilbert Street, London, W.1

## GLOBE THEATRE

Press Handout  
May 1607

Hamlet . . . Othello . . . Macbeth . . .  
and now  
his first Musical

## “THAT HAPPY KNIGHT.”

tion opens at Boar's Head Tavern where Falsingham, a bored pleasure-seeking Secretary of State, meets Zaza, a voluptuous Spanish spy. Zaza extracts British anti-invasion plans from Falsingham, steals them in a Mohammedan cigarette—to be disposed of later—and leaves the Spanish Embassy. However she is pursued by Sir John Falstaff, outwardly a callous bon viveur, but really Master of British Espionage. Falstaff alerts his agents through the agony column; they, all 500, head along to 3 De Coeur Place (Spanish Embassy) and recover the plans unopened.

Hit Tunes: "LIZ OF ENGLAND" (Finale) and "HEY NONNY no no NO!"

*Gerald Ash, 17 Cypress Road, S.E.25*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

**Ceylon Tea Centre.** Pottery and tiles. **Cooling.** Hugh Micklem paintings. **Gimpel Fils.** Louis Le Brocq. **Grabowski.** Norwegian paintings. **ICA.** Twenty-six young sculptors. **Lefevre.** Contemporary paintings. **New Vision Centre.** Viren Sahai paintings, South Wales abstract sculpture. **Reid.** Contemporary drawings. **Royal Exchange.** Wapping artists. **Tate.** Max Ernst. **USIS.** American advertising art. **Wildenstein.** Dufy paintings and drawings. **Zwemmer.** Harold Cheesman paintings and drawings.

## SHOPS



From September 20 to October 14 **Marshall & Snelgrove** have a "Design in Glass" exhibition on their third floor. This store's autumn collection will be shown at the Figurine Salon on September 28: tickets from Figurine, Portman Street. At **Bourne & Hollingsworth**, until September 22, it is "Fashion in your fingers" time in the fabric department. Singer sewing machines are on view, with a demonstrator, and clothes made from various leading pattern-makers will be shown at 1.30 and 3 pm each day, also at 6.30 pm on Thursday. On September 21 **Selfridges** already open their Christmas card section and "Trim-a-tree" department, while on September 25 **Liberty's** open their "Home ideas" department. There will be a special display of Dansk designs in a new range of wood, china, enamel and stainless steel.

**Simpson's** autumn fashion shows take place on their sixth floor at 3.30 pm on September 26, 11.30 am and 3.30 pm the next two days, also at 5.30 pm on the Thursday. **Harvey Nichols** Little Shop shows, including the new Young Colony department, take place in the restaurant at the main store at 3.15 pm and 5.45 pm on September 26 to 28, and 11 am on the Saturday; budget price collection. At **Harrods** there is fashion by Dior on September 25 to 29 on the third floor, and at **D. H. Evans** on September 26 to 28 in the fabric hall there will be shows throughout the day of Lana-knit jersey coats and dresses made from Vogue patterns. **Bentalls** of Kingston have fashion parades in the Wolsey Hall from September 23 to 29 at 11 am and 2.30 pm each day, except Monday, 2.30 pm only.

It is advisable to get tickets in advance for all the fashion shows.

## RESTAURANT SELECTION

The symbol SM=standard meal, arbitrarily chosen as soup, steak, two vegetables, ice cream and coffee in order to give an approximate indication of prices.



**Au Père De Nico**, 10 Lincoln St., SW3. Superior Chelsea-French, with minute courtyard. No lunches Sunday. Recommended, lobster, chicken, crêpes Suzette. Full licence. Bookings, KNL 4704. SM about 25/-.

**La Popote**, 3 Walton St., SW3. Small, gay, décor by Loudon Sainthill, etc. Booking essential (KEN 9178); not after 11.30 pm, not luncheons on Sunday. No spirit licence, but all the rest. The wines are moderately priced; the food not.

## GUINNESS PETS PAGE N° 2

## Paradogs

A love of dogs of every sort

Throughout this land is found,  
A man who sneers at dogs is thought  
To be a proper hound.

Each day to give dogs exercise

Their owners nobly plan,  
But sometimes, when of Schnauzer size,  
Dog exercises man.

A dog is taught to follow near  
His master's heels, indeed,  
But see, when Guinness Time is here  
How doggy takes his lead.

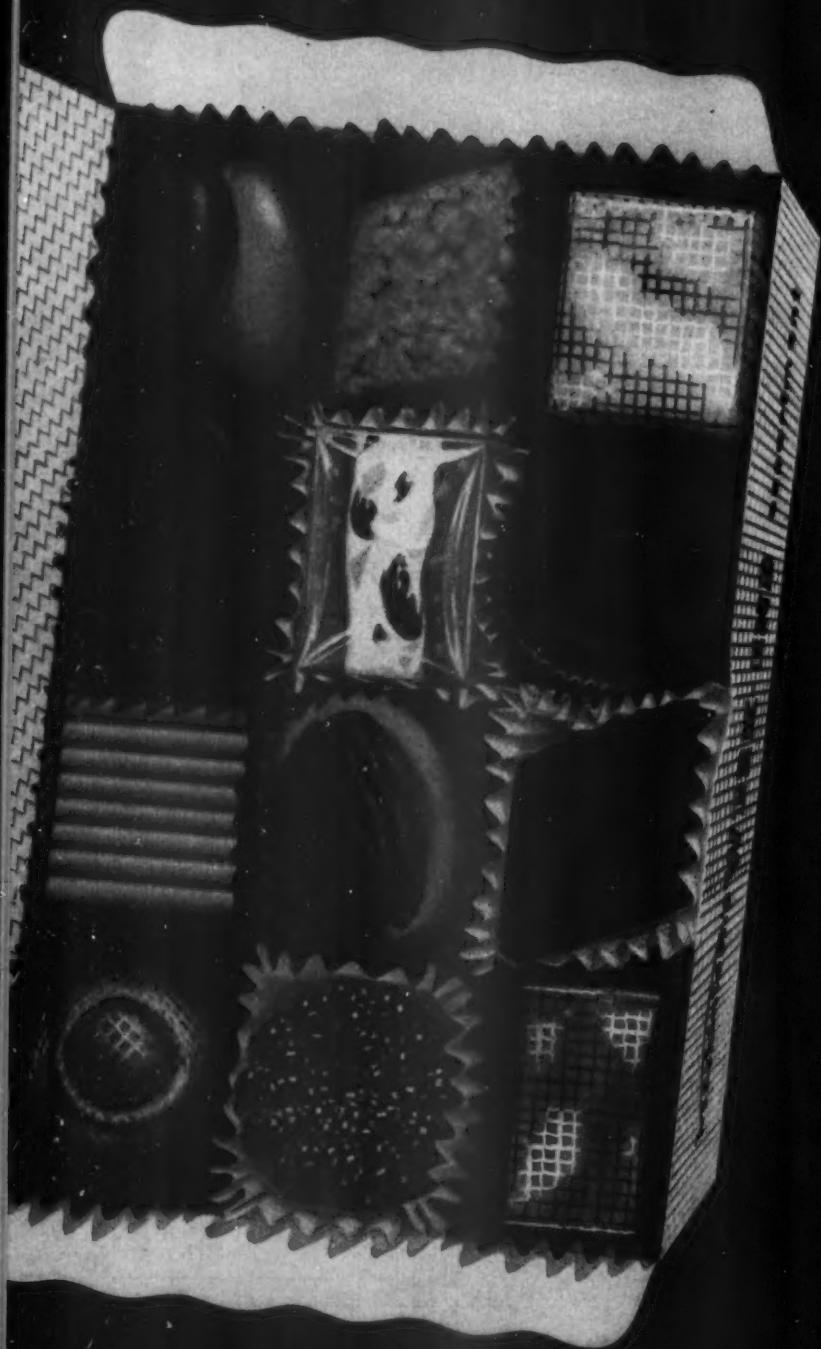


And purebred, mongrel, mastiff, pup,  
And curs of low degree  
Think Man's a lucky dog to sup  
This drink of pedigree.  
That Guinness glass no doubt, they think,  
Carries the words "Drink Master, drink".

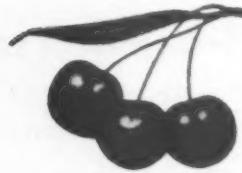


**GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU**

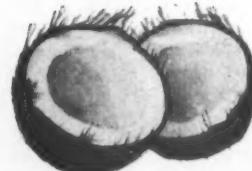
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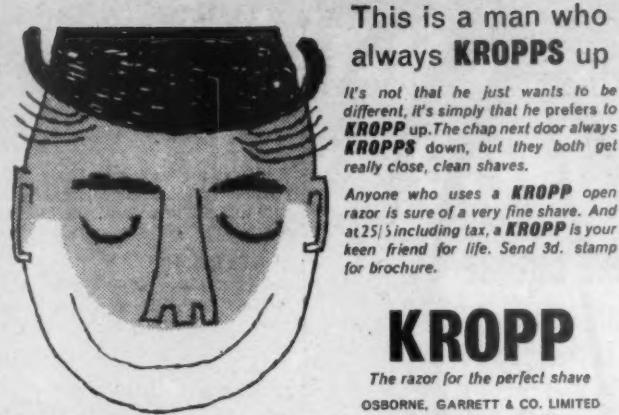
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MADDERMARKET  
THEATRE



*A Kodachrome photograph*

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